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No. 208, Vol. VII.

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*The British Captives in Abyssinia.* By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D., F.S.A. Second Edition. 8vo. 12s. (Longmans).

IF the finger of scorn be sometimes pointed at England for allowing not only her subjects, but a Consul of the Empire, to languish out what is fast becoming a hopeless imprisonment in the dungeons of a barbarian monarch, she is not without illustrious precedents to excuse her prudent apathy. The soldier of Crassus was, perhaps, not worth an expedition, but Augustus was only too glad when he recovered the Roman standards not by arms but diplomacy, and his poet thought or professed to think, such a triumph as glorious as any the master of the Roman world had ever achieved. Still more consoling to the pride of Englishmen, though not quite so satisfactory to the captives, if it ever crosses their minds, or to their friends is the case of Valerian. He lived and died a prisoner, but, if we recollect right, it was thought that had his substitute as Emperor been any other than his own son, Sapor would not have been allowed to trample with impunity on the majesty of the Roman name. Consul Cameron is not indeed Valerian, but he may complain of Lord Russell, quite as much as his father did of Gallienus. "He, two missionaries of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, and several other British subjects and persons connected with British missionary societies,—men, women, and children, have been for three years the captives of Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia. . . . Her Majesty's Representative and several of these captives have further been subjected to the greatest indignities, and even to cruel torture, and they have long remained in prison, chained hand and foot, herded together with the lowest criminals; whilst to add to the difficulties and disgrace of all parties concerned, Mr. Rassam, the Envoy sent by the Government of this country with a letter signed by Her Majesty's own hand, with a view to effect the liberation of the unfortunate persons who have so long lingered in captivity, has himself been thrown into prison, together with the members of his suite."

Such is the case, and the purpose of Dr. Beke is "to give a narrative of the events that have led to the present deplorable state of affairs, the treatment to which our unfortunate countrymen have been subjected, and what has been done to procure their liberation." Nominally we have a second edition; but the first is represented by a mere pamphlet, and the volume before us, though it retains traces of its original form in the style of composition, has swelled into a respectable octavo. We must say at once it is very dull reading. Dr. Beke finds fault with everybody, and most likely he is right. The Emperor Napoleon was wrong for not answering Theodore's letter in his own name. The French Consul, M. Lejean, was wrong in demanding his *congé* of the Emperor too suddenly. He appears to have been the first European official who was thrown into prison. This event took place in March, 1863, in this wise. "The Emperor, not being in a very placid humour, refused to receive his guest; and the latter, with equal pertinacity, insisted on having an audience. This exasperated the monarch, and poor Lejean was put in chains, and for four-and-twenty hours had to meditate on this novel mode of enforcing court etiquette." He was soon liberated, but Theodore had found out his power. In July of the same year Captain Cameron "met the Emperor face to face." Now Theodore had written to the Queen of England as well as to Napoleon. The latter answered by his minister; but the minister of the former sent no answer at all. We cannot be very much surprised at the following conversation:—

"Have you brought me an answer from the Queen of England?" "No." "Why not?" "Because I have not received any communication

from the Government on the subject." "Why, then, do you come to me now?" "To request permission to return to Massowah." "What for?" "Because I have been ordered by the Government to go there." "So," exclaimed the exasperated monarch, "your Queen can give you orders to go and visit my enemies the Turks, and then to return to Massowah; but she cannot send a civil answer to my letter to her. You shall not leave me till that answer comes."

Still Captain Cameron was not arrested. So far the quarrel was a very narrow one. The Governments of France and England had not treated the Emperor of Abyssinia with sufficient respect, and the latter had retaliated on their representatives. Religion and the zeal of proselytism was to complicate the affair, and render an issue doubtful, perhaps impossible. There were at that time "three missionary establishments in Abyssinia; a German mission from Basle, a Protestant mission from this country, and a French Propagandist mission." The Christianity of Abyssinia is no doubt of a very degraded kind; but it argues well for the toleration of Theodore that he is reported to have said—"I have nothing to do with preaching the Gospel; but if you can be of any use to me, I shall be very glad that you shall stay." It is not every sovereign who allows foreigners to propagate whatever ideas they please within his dominions. Mr. Layard stated in Parliament, and, however careless he may have been sometimes about his facts, we see no reason to doubt his veracity here, that all these establishments were intensely jealous of each other. Meanwhile, an answer to one of Theodore's letters signed by M. Drouhyn de Lhuys arrived. Theodore was so delighted that he summoned all the Europeans in his dominions to hear it publicly read, on the 20th September. But it did not satisfy him, and M. Lejean was, fortunately for him, ordered out of Abyssinia forthwith. Still the quarrel was little more than diplomatic. But, on October 15th, Mr. Stern, the English missionary came to pay his respects to the Emperor. His address was badly interpreted, and the interpreters were beaten so severely as to die the same night. Mr. Stern, alarmed at the scene, bit his thumb. This action, we know well, was, in times past, considered a sign that deadly revenge was intended. It is still considered so in Abyssinia; and poor Mr. Stern suffered nearly as much as his servants. Mutual forgiveness would, however, soon have been exchanged, had it not been for M. Bardel, whose secret instructions were to destroy the Protestant mission. Here was a fine chance for a Jesuit. He had been the envoy of Theodore to France, and did not share in the disgrace of M. Lejean. On the contrary, he was Theodore's chief counselor. See how he served him:—

Under the belief that the persons and property of Europeans were inviolable, Mr. Stern had incautiously recorded, both in his manuscript notebook and in his printed work, of which he had taken a copy with him to Abyssinia, facts and opinions more or less derogatory to the Emperor Theodore. During his illness he had employed himself, as best he could, in erasing from his journals and other papers the offensive passages. But, unfortunately, he had mentioned their existence to M. Bardel, and that individual made known the fact to the Emperor.

It is pleasant to think M. Bardel is himself a prisoner, and at one time shared the chains of Mr. Stern. Then, for the first time, the anger of Theodore was really excited, and all the Europeans, the English Consul not excepted, were imprisoned. But even now all might shortly have been well. The artisan missionaries, and the Scotch were released, and on the 20th November a High Court was held to try Stern, Rosenthal, and Mrs. Flad. Their own countrymen wisely admitted their guilt. They had but to confess, and be pardoned. By that fatality, which seems to have attended every step of this business, they tried to justify their conduct. It is strange that men who make the Bible their study should so utterly ignore the many worldly precepts which it contains. Solomon, who ought to have known something about it, tells the uninitiated how to deal with princes,

and that the very bird in the air will convey whatever is said against them. They were condemned (privately) to death; "the knives to cut off their hands and feet actually lying close to the spot where they had stood." Again they stood a chance; but they lost it, and on "January 4th, 1864, Captain Cameron, his European attendants, and all the missionaries, were put in fetters, and, together with Stern and Rosenthal, confined in one common prison within the royal enclosure." And now they had to welcome their betrayer, M. Bardel:—

A few days afterwards M. Bardel, who since his return from his secret mission had been taken into high favour, and is understood to have presumed too much on it, was brought to the tent in which the English prisoners remained in chains, and added to their number—his offence being, as was publicly stated by the head jailer, that he had misrepresented the prisoners to the Emperor, and caused him to chain them, that he had himself also spoken ill of the Emperor, and that he had further, by unfounded assertions, tried to prejudice him against the European workmen at Gaffat; which last grievance the Emperor doubtless took to heart far more than the others, on account of his great regard for them.

Torture and captivity were the lot of all till the 25th. of February, 1866, when Mr. Rassam arrived at the Emperor's camp, and orders were given for their liberation. The captives were willing now to make any sort of submission that might be required of them. The Emperor was in the humour to be gracious. But Mr. Rassam did not quite understand the potentate he had to deal with. He attempted to smuggle the captives off, and had no desire to remain a hostage himself. Theodore saw through the design, and the result was that Mr. Rassam himself was added to the number of the prisoners. There he remains along with them at present. Dr. Beke, with his wife, was once on his way to assist, and is ready to go out again; but the position of Theodore has altered in the meantime, and the future is more uncertain than ever. Dr. Beke thinks we are drifting into a war with Abyssinia, and in that case his personal knowledge of the country may be very useful. But Theodore is so capricious—especially after dinner—that perhaps one day he may behave like the Chinese, drive his prisoners away as fast as he can, and be glad to get rid of them. The situation is very unpleasant. But we do not see that France has managed so much better than ourselves. There is nothing for it but to wait till the spring for further news, and to recommend Dr. Beke's book to those Members of Parliament who want to make out a case against the Foreign Office.

LEGENDARY FICTIONS.

*Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.* Collected and narrated by Patrick Kennedy. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

"GRAVE and tiresome dissertations," and "the philosophy of fiction," the author regards as unnecessary for "a volume of light reading"; yet, without some dissertation, grave or gay, and some philosophy, however slight, how are we to distinguish those legends which are peculiar to Ireland from those common to other races, or determine which of them are the productions of the pre-Christian Era, or even of Mediæval times? No doubt not a few of the stories are amusing, for they are here told in a jaunty style with touches of modern Hibernian humour; but many of them are of little interest in themselves, and would only be valued as fragments of folk-lore, from which we may gain glimpses of early superstitions, beliefs, and usages. Remarks of a general character are, however, scattered throughout the volume; but they are too detached and superficial to give us any clear or comprehensive view of the bearing these legends have in illustrating the history or character of the Celtic race. We are puzzled sometimes to know whether a story has been derived from oral tradition, or from a manuscript or printed book. A Mrs. K., a James Reddy, or an Owen Jourdan, are authorities



for some legends, but whence did they derive them? In other cases, we wish to know whether they were confined to a particular locality or extended to other parts of Ireland. Such information is essential to a good book of folk-lore.

The author arranges his *Legendary Fictions* into five groups:—Household Stories; Legends of the good people; Witchcraft, Sorcery, Ghosts, and Fetches; Ossianic, and other early Legends; and Legends of the Celtic Saints. The Household Stories are not peculiarly Irish, excepting in the manner of telling them. "Jock and his comrades,"—the best of them,—appears in some form or other in most European countries, and belongs to that class, of which there are many in Germany, wherein animals are endowed with reason, and play the chief parts in the story. They probably date from a time prior to that when Celt and Teuton left their ancestral home in Central Asia carrying with them the legends and usages common to both. Stories of this remote date are simple in their structure, and consist of a succession of wild and wonderful incidents. It is not necessary, however, to trace all of them to a common source; they may originate in different centres; for all races have the faculty of constructing myths, to account for appearances and phenomena they do not understand. The small tails of the bear and the hyæna and of other animals have given rise to similar stories in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Legends, with a more complicated plot, given by our author, are much less ancient. One of the longest, "The Adventures of Gilla na Chreack an Gour"—the fellow with the goat skin, is a collection of marvellous adventures, derived from various sources, some of them being very similar to what appear in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and others having a Scandinavian impress. "I'll be wiser next time" is essentially the same as the well-known Scottish story of "Jack and his Mother." "The Brown Bear of Norway" is obviously a Teuton legend. Indeed, we are disposed to think that not a few of these household stories, as well as others arranged under different groups, are not indigenous to Ireland but rather aliens introduced by Norman or Scandinavian settlers.

The legends of the "Good people," the Fairies, are similar in Ireland to those in other countries, and we gather from them little that is new. The stories given by Mr. Kennedy represent them, in their intercourse with human beings, more capricious, mischievous, and even baleful than they appear in English folk-lore. Not a few of these stories relate the substitution of a peevish rickety elf, in the place of a healthy and thriving child; and some instances are related of fairies, by their art, obtaining human lovers. "In one point of elfish mythology" our author observes, "Teuton and Celt are agreed, viz.—that whether the supernatural beings of the old superstition be called fairies, elves, nixes, trolls, korigans, or duergars they all live in fear of utter condemnation at the day of judgment. Their dislike of the human race arises from envy of their destiny which they regard as the filling of the heavenly seats lost by themselves." We give an outline of one of the oldest fictions, which is probably of Celtic origin, as it is found in Brittany as well as in Ireland, and which presents the "good people" in a more favourable aspect:—

"A poor, honest, quiet humpback, on coming from Ennis-corthy fair, where he had enjoyed himself too freely, rested on the grassy ditch of a rath, and fell asleep. By-and-bye he awoke, and saw, in a vaulted room, thousands of little gentlemen and ladies, clothed in green coats and gowns, and red sugar-loaf caps, dancing and singing. The song was monotonous, consisting of a repetition of only two short bars, and four words—

Yae Luan, yae Morth—(Monday, Tuesday).  
He tired of the music; but the longer he looked, the bolder he grew, and at last shouted out—Agus Dha Haed-yeen—(and Wednesday too). Oh, such cries of delight as arose among

the merry little gentry! They began the improved song, and shouted till the vault rang—

Yae Luan, yae Morth—  
Yae Luan, yae Morth—  
Yae Luan, yae Morth,  
Agus Dha Haed-yeen.

They then gathered around the humpback, and thanked him for improving their tune, and their chief offered to grant him anything within his power. "If you would only," was the reply, "remove this hump from my back, I'd be the happiest man in Duffrey." "Oh, easy done," said they, and on again they went with the dance and song. One fairy took the humpback by the heel, and shot him in a curve to the roof, and he was tossed upward again and again, till when his back touched the roof, he felt a sudden and delightful change, for his hump was gone. News of this wonderful cure spread abroad, and another humpback, who was cross as a briar, and almost begrudged his right hand to help his left, was persuaded to visit the rath, where he, too, fell asleep, and saw the fairy dance, and heard the fairy music; but having neither taste nor discretion, he croaked out, after the last line of the song was repeated,

Agus Dha Yærd-yeen,  
Agus Dha Haen-ya.

This interrupted the song. A thousand voices cried out, "Who stops our dance?" and all gathered round the cross, frightened fellow. "Bring down that hump," said the King, and before you could kiss your hand, it was clapped on as fast as the knocker of Newgate, over the other hump."

The Breton legend is more complete, and assigns a reason why these fairy revels were held; for there, the Korils were doomed to perpetual night dancing on the heaths with an imperfect melody, till some mortal should have the courage to join them and complete the strain.

Under the group of Witchcraft and Sorcery, some curious stories are given, which are amusing and interesting. But the legends more peculiarly Irish are the Ossianic stories, which form a cycle clustering around Fion, as similar cycles do around Charlemagne and Arthur. Fion seems to have been an historic personage, for he is mentioned by Tighernach and the Four Masters, though they do little more than record his death, in 283 A.D., in the sixteenth year of Caisbre:—

Fion was killed, it was with darts  
With a lamentable wound.

Poets and romancers have taken him and his son Oison, and his grandson Oscur, and elevated them and their friends into heroes of surpassing might. Fion is placed at the head of the Fianna, a powerful military organisation, whence our modern Fenians have taken their name; but it lasted only during three generations. The earliest stories were in their first stages in verse, and were recited by bards to an assembled household; and probably enough real deeds of heroes, who had lived in days then ancient, though magnified by the imagination, were the subjects of the song; but in the next stage, they lost their poetic garb and became prose romances filled with accounts of battles, voyages, sieges, courtships, elopements, and banquets. Encumbered they were too with miraculous agencies; in these Irish stories we have giants and sorcerers, wicked druids and druidical fogs, boars and spells, the salmon of wisdom and rings of power, Sighe queens, men transformed into animals or stone, the magic song of birds and enchanted harps, the land of youth beneath the waters, and horrible and destructive worms and dragons. So filled indeed are they with such wonders, that all traces of historic events are lost; and in such a maze we can discover no illustrations of Celtic character. They are, however, interesting, as curious examples of mediæval fictions. These romancers had a method of their own, but vastly different from our modern philosophy, in accounting for natural phenomena, such as the formation of lakes, rivers, and islands. A characteristic legend

shews how Lough Neagh and the Isle of Man were formed.

"Fion Mac Cuil having routed a Scotch giant with red hair, was pursuing him eastwards, but the canny Scotch monster was rather more fleet of foot than his Irish rival, and was outrunning him. Fion, fearing that he might reach the sea and swim across to Britain before he could overtake him, stooped; and thrusting his gigantic hands into the earth, tore up the rocks and clay, and heaved them after the Albanach. As Fion miscalculated height and distance, the mighty mass which had filled the whole bed of the present lake, launched from his hands, flew past the giant at a considerable height above his head, and did not lose its impetus till it came over the mid sea. There dropping, according to the laws of gravitation, it formed an island afterwards called Man, from its Danaan patron, Mananan, son of Lir."

Neither the Ossianic nor the other legends throw light on the mythology of the Celts; we obtain no glimpse of the gods they worshipped or of the religious rites they practised. Supernatural agents appear, but they are all of a subordinate character—beings to be feared, avoided, or propitiated, but not worshipped. Their superior divinities fell before the power of Christianity; but the thousands of airy beings—the fairies, and the elves, and other powers, who were supposed to control the elements and influence mankind for good or evil—still held sway over the popular mind. Indeed, the evil and good spirits, who played important parts in monkish legends, tended to confirm the beliefs and usages which had been derived from the older superstitions. This silence, however, as to the chief divinities, evidences that these Celtic fictions originated considerably after the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, and even so late as the time when the remembrance of the old idolatry had perished. Of the Teutonic mythology we have more definite information, and our author thus accounts for the difference:—

Soon after the Scandinavians became Christians, their Pantheon was epitomised in verse by Saemund, a priest; and about a hundred years later, the prose "Edda," furnishing the adventures of the gods, the heroes, and the giants, was compiled by the turbulent and talented Snorro Sturlason. Now, the great change among the Celtic peoples had taken place by the fifth century, and it happened that no Saemund or Sturlason was vouchsafed to them; or, if vouchsafed, the writings left by him were early lost in the confusion attending the determined struggles between themselves and their dogged, troublesome neighbours of the Teuton stock.

Though this book is not so valuable as a contribution to folk-lore as Mr. Kennedy, with his experience and the materials he has collected, could, we think, have made it, yet we heartily commend it to our readers, as the fullest account of Irish legends which has appeared. Many of the stories which pleased the Irish in the olden time, will amuse the present generation, as they are well told, and not unfrequently enriched with humour and wit.

#### THE AMERICAN WAR.

*Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence.* By Heros Von Borecke, lately Chief of Staff to General J. E. B. Stuart. In 2 vols. (Blackwood & Sons.)

THE delay which has occurred in the republication of the *Memoirs* which formed for a long time the principal attraction in *Blackwood's Magazine* is accounted for in a short preface by their gallant author. He has been fighting in a more fortunate cause. Though when he wrote he was still an invalid, shot through the lungs, and was yet suffering when his native country proclaimed war, he could not rest, and fought proudly at Konigsgrätz. The circumstances of that service were perhaps too widely different to admit of any comparison being drawn between it and the time spent in the school of Stuart, of Stonewall Jackson, and of Lee; at all events, nothing of the kind has been attempted, and these volumes contain the story exactly as it first appeared.

It was in April, 1862, that Major Von Borecke left Ireland bent on blockade-running.



The Yankees were too sharp; they stopped the vessel on the broad seas, and were compelled to relinquish their prey, or violate the law of nations. Everything seemed to combine in aid of the contrabandism. The very coal—the anthracite—of America emits so little smoke that it in noway betrays the furnaces which burn it, and the viewless funnel was first checked by a Confederate shot from the walls of Sumter. At this time the army of McClellan was hovering round Richmond, and it might have been supposed an experienced soldier would have been welcome. But the Confederate rank and file elected their own officers; and it was with difficulty the Prussian could obtain a horse from the Government, and leave to visit the camp. Such an introduction is, however, enough on the field of battle, and General Stuart was glad enough to have so able an orderly by his side during the day of "Seven Pines." After this the position of Von Borcke was secure. His credentials were such as could not be mistaken, and he was soon presented in due course to Longstreet, to Lee, and to President Davis. These were days of hard fighting and considerable jollity in the Confederate camp. Plunder, especially of luxuries, was brought in every day. Men popped bottles of champagne to refresh their officers, saved from the baggage of Yankee generals; and a luncheon of this kind was followed by a splendid supper from the same convenient repositories. Round the army of McClellan rode the little troop, spying out his plans, burning his property, capturing his stragglers, his horses, his asses, and everything that was his. This raid, the type of many others, attracted great attention in Europe, and as its importance was enormously exaggerated, created the idea so long prevalent that the Confederates lived upon the enemy, and that the vast hosts of Lincoln were as much overburdened with sutlers and followers, and as unmanageable as those of Xerxes or Darius. Yet at this very time, at the close of the famous seven days' fighting before Richmond, Von Borcke confesses "the victory was ours only from the ignorance of our position on the part of the enemy, who retreated exactly at the moment when he had gained the most important success." Nor were these battles very sanguinary. The victors lost 9,000, and the Federals 16,500 men, and had McClellan been more enterprising the war might have been concluded at once.

Our hero seems to have passed his time very happily, in a constant round of triumphs, and gallops, and hair-breadth escapes. He may fairly be called the Dugald Dalgetty of the war. He could lay in as large an amount of provender, or of sleep to last a considerable time as the owner of "Gustavus," and though the ball-practice of the enemy prevented that strong affection for his particular steed, which was the only weakness of Dalgetty, yet Von Borcke's love for horseflesh was in no wise diminished by having to lavish it upon a hundred chargers. His horses, his clothes, his arms were always being lost and always being renewed. It is true he never forgot which side he was fighting for, but he seems to have been almost as often in one camp as the other, and wherever he was, he always made himself at home, having an eye to business nevertheless all the time. Here is a little story:—

A rapid succession of despatches and reports reached our Commander-in-Chief during the night, which he had great difficulty in deciphering by the flickering light of the bivouac fire. Like Longfellow's Ajax, his prayer was for light "throughout that long and dreary night." It so chanced that, during our advance on Chancellorsville, I had discovered, among other luxuries, a box of excellent candles, which now lay a little outside our lines, and quite close to the enemy's skirmishers. To attempt the adventure with the hope of bringing the much-desired relief to the eyes of our beloved commander, was more than I could resist, so I set forward on foot towards the spot, crawling cautiously through the bushes, and, favoured by the darkness, succeeded in finding the box, and providing myself with a sufficient provision of candles, without attracting the attention of the enemy's

videttes. On reaching the temporary headquarters, and presenting my prize to General Lee, he eyed me with his calm penetrating glance, and said, "Major, I am much obliged to you; but I know where you got these candles, and you acted wrongly in exposing your life for a simple act of courtesy." I willingly submitted to the rebuke, only too happy to have been able personally to oblige one whom we all so much admired, and for whom not one of us but would gladly have risked his life.

It is not surprising that the Richmond newspapers should sometimes have amused themselves with reporting the death of so rash a partizan; and we may be sure none enjoyed the joke more than the owner of so charmed a life. Once—

The rumour of my having been killed spread over the whole country, and was accepted as true by every part of our army where I had not been seen since the battle, and the regret expressed at my loss, and manifest pleasure exhibited by both soldiers and citizens to know me still among them, administered not a little to my self-esteem. Beside the many letters of condolence and offers received by Stuart on my account, greatly to his amusement, a request was despatched by Governor Letcher to General Lee to have my body forwarded, and claiming the privilege of having it interred with all the honours of the State of Virginia. To this demand, General Lee sent the following characteristic reply: "Can't spare it: it's in pursuit of Stoneman."

However Von Borcke was really brought by a Yankee bullet to death's door, as he was riding by the side, and dressed in the same fashion as his General. "He will not live over the night," was the doctor's sentence, and no wonder the northern papers this time said, "The big Prussian rebel, who was Stuart's right arm, had been killed at last, and his body buried at Upperville." But he lived, after all, to stand by the death-bed of Stuart, though he was never fit for Transatlantic service again. Fortunate in the opportunity, not indeed of his death, but of his wound, he left the shores of the Confederacy by the same subterranean way, to use an expression of Goethe's, that he had entered it, and has painted one of the most brilliant and amusing pictures of a time which he may always say, with Wallenstein's soldier, "Was but a triumph and a march."

#### VOLTAIRE.

*Life and Times of François-Marie Arouet, calling himself Voltaire.* By Francis Espinasse. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. *From his Birth to his Arrival in England: 1694-1726.* (Chapman and Hall.)

IT has become very much the fashion for all biographers, under the pretence of describing what they call the atmosphere in which their hero was brought up, to give all sorts of details about what was going on in the whole world when he was born, about every sort of person who might possibly have seen him in his cradle, or his play-ground; and then to draw all sorts of inferences about the effect all this might have produced upon the future poet or hero. It was Carlyle who set this fashion; and when it was new, or not over-done, it was a very pretty one in its way. To laugh at Dryasdust as he was, and show what Dryasdust ought to be, added considerably to the amusement of the reader, and put him in good temper with himself and the author. But though Mr. Espinasse has been a most diligent pupil of Carlyle, he has copied, as so often happens, rather the faults and eccentricities of the master than his virtues. He forgets that the public know Carlyle, and allow him to take liberties with them which would be intolerable from an obscure writer. Carlyle did not begin in this way. He gradually fought his way up to acquaintance, to recognition, to friendship, and finally to a kind of humorous superiority. When he says, "as I compute," and "according to my chronology," we know what he means. But such phrases are mere terms of insolence in the mouth of Mr. Espinasse, and they occur far too frequently to be passed over as bits of unconscious imitation. Indeed, he

assumes all along that his readers are as well acquainted with Carlyle as he is himself, and that he can do no better service than serve up his nick-names and his cant terms on every page. Thus, in the opening chapter a most unnecessary account is given of the election of a King of Poland in 1697, when Voltaire was just three years old. "August the Physically Strong" is a cumbersome designation at best; and the fact that Voltaire's god-father went to Poland to oppose his election, is not an excuse for its three-fold repetition. Mr. Espinasse himself says—"How, in the meantime, had he himself grown out of infancy into childhood? His earlier ways, were they sportive or serious? Who taught him to read? Was he a favourite of his mother's, and often chidden by his choleric father? These, and most other questions of the same kind, are left unanswered, alike by biography and by biographical tradition." This being the case, why do we have more than forty pages about the *Grand Monarque*?—the stupid story about Louvois and the window at Trianon taking up more than one—and his wars and disasters, and all sorts of irrelevant pieces of gossip or "history." There is, indeed, an attempt to connect Voltaire with the last six pages, which we will note, in order to give some idea of what Mr. Espinasse thinks good "biography":—

In connection with M. Le Marechal de Villars and the little Arouet, there is a decidedly curious coincidence to be noted. Perhaps, for its sake, the reader will tolerate the historical episode which leads up to it,—the episode, not uninteresting in itself, of a civil war of religion raging in the heart of France when Voltaire was a boy of ten. The reader does not object? Well, then, here it is, with the needful but brief introduction.

This "brief introduction" consists of six pages, giving a sketch of the insurrection in the Cevennes, which was headed by Cavalier, and put down by Villars, who negotiated with him finally at Nismes. Now for Mr. Espinasse:—

More than twenty years after the interview with Villars at Nismes, Voltaire knew Cavalier in England, and questioned him, with no small curiosity, I can fancy; for we have reached the coincidence towards which we started.—The little Arouet, grown up, was to feel, at least, two vehement "passions," in a great deal of miscellaneous love-making and flirtation. Now, in the one case, the lady had been wooed by the ex-journeyman baker of the Cevennes; in the other case, she had been wooed and married by M. Le Marechal de Villars himself. Very various, the reader sees already, are the circles which the little Arouet's career is to intersect.

With such twaddle is this volume of more than six hundred pages filled up. The fact is, there is an attempt just now to establish a sort of photographic biography. And those who are at this work fall into the error of supposing that one photographer is as good as another. All they have to do is to pose their object, prepare their glass, put in their slide, and leave the sun or nature to do the rest. Nothing can be more erroneous. There are photographers and photographers. Patches and blotches appear instead of a multiplicity of clear and delicately-cut outlines. There is no accounting for it. The instruments are perfect, the chemicals unadulterated, the "object" most docile, and the amateur has time and attendants at his disposal. With all this he fails. It does not need a conjuror to understand why. So it is with all trades. It was said, indeed, with justice, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, a short time back, that the distinction between amateurs and professionals was more difficult to draw in literature than in any other occupation; but still there is a distinction, and a careful comparison between the art of Carlyle, and the blundering daub of Mr. Espinasse might go far to determine exactly in what it consists.

First of all Carlyle starts with a definite idea of what his hero is, or ought to be; or at all events with an invincible determination to make him out what he wants him to be. So far is this passion, and from an artistic point of view it is unassailably right, carried in the case of Frederick II., that he will see no fault



at all, not only not in him, but not in any one of the whole line of Brandenburg or Hohenzollern. Voltaire again is with him the great *Persifleur*, and nothing more. Every action is accounted for on this supposition, and every little detail which is dragged to light is made to fit in and harmonize with the central feature. It is very possible, nay most probable, that much violence may be done, if not to facts, to all proper interpretation of them by such a method. But the result will please those who wish to be amused; those who like good writing; those who are content to abdicate their judgment in favour of a powerful writer. Now, as to Mr. Espinasse, he denies the *Persifleur* theory; but he has none to set up in its stead. He has raked together everything he can possibly find out about Voltaire; and some of his criticisms and dissertations are ingenious enough, but they serve no purpose beyond the immediate one, and are subordinate to no limit. We quite fail to see that he has set before himself any definite idea of what Voltaire was, or what he imagines him to have been. For more than a hundred pages he is "the little Aronnet," and then he becomes the "Sieur Aronnet fils." The former title is too familiar, and the latter, though correct enough for a directory, is very tiresome in a biography. Then Carlyle, in his larger and more pretentious memoirs, those of Frederick and Cromwell, knows how to relieve his own peculiar style by giving descriptions of battle-scenes, coronations, or the like, with such power as to make us confess that we never understood the event or the manners of the day so well before. Nothing of this kind assists the volume before us. The death of Louis XIV., the career of Dubois, and the death of the Regent have been told over and over again, and generally very much better. We had much rather go to Saint Simon himself for an account of the annulment of Louis XIV.'s will than read it here second-hand.

The palm of diligence must certainly be given to Mr. Espinasse. Here are the materials for a good life of Voltaire. Draw a pen through most of the writer's maunderings and idle queries; arrange the stuff he has collected in clear chronological order; discriminate his undeniably good reasoning from mere surmises; reduce the volume to about one-half its size; and the second edition of Mr. Espinasse might become, though still dull, a standard book. He does not hesitate to correct his idol where his genius has led him astray. That "Voltaire" is an anagram of "Aronnet I. J.," of which discovery Carlyle seemed rather proud, he shows first to be an old hypothesis revived; secondly, to be wrong. And he gives a more accurate version of two famous stories of the poet's youth, which we transcribe:—

Event of events,—before leaving Paris to command the French cavalry in the Spanish expedition, the Prince de Conti himself addressed a long complimentary poem on *Œdipe* to its author, in verse very indifferent, but then:—*ce n'est que le prince de Conti qui tombe!* The *Commentaire Historique* makes emphatic mention of the event, for it was a great one in those days; a prince of the blood reversing the order of things, and instead of receiving it, bestowing panegyric on the notary's son, thankful for a pension of £50 a year. It was doubtless after this crowning condescension that the Sieur Aronnet fils said to his Highness, gaily but rather boldly: "Monseigneur, you will be a great poet; I must get the King to give you a pension." To the same period must belong another speech to the same prince. The Sieur Aronnet fils, surveying the high quality of the guests at some *petit-souper* of the Ile-Adam, turned to Monseigneur and enquired: "Are we all princes or poets?" (*Sommes-nous tous princes ou tous poètes?*) When the writer of *Commentaire Historique*, anxious to be accurate, asked him in old age: "Are these two stories true, then?" *Delicta juventutis mee ne memineras, Domine*, was the reply. Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions . . . O Lord.

Again, there is a very temperate and judicious criticism upon Montesquieu (pp. 323-329), which throws a good deal of light upon the early relationships of these great contem-

poraries. The dignity of the President has compressed Mr. Espinasse's false wit, and compelled him to be sensible and discreet.

The latter part of the volume is more to the purpose, though it drags a good deal. The cant term of "jotting" crops out in every page. Everybody "jots." So much so that it is very difficult to quote anything which can give a fair idea of how the author deals with Voltaire when "the National Epic appears; and he goes to Court." His remarks are clever sometimes, as when he says, "Clever M. de Voltaire, who knew so perfectly the 'tone' in which to speak, whether to virtuous Queen newly throned, or to courtesan supreme!" But perhaps the reader would rather have Voltaire himself, so we will finish with the note he dashed off to "the Minister of the Department of Paris," by which a solution of the difficulty he found himself in was obtained, and he "touched for the first time the soil of free and happy England," where we leave him for the present:—

"The Sieur de Voltaire remonstrates very humbly, that he has been assassinated (*assassiné*) by the brave Chevalier de Rohan, assisted by half-a-dozen cut-throats (*six coupe-jarrets*), behind whom he"—the Chevalier—"was courageously posted. That since that time, he"—Voltaire—"has been always seeking to repair, not his own honour, but what proved too difficult, that of the Chevalier. If he"—Voltaire—"came to Versailles, it is completely false that he went to ask for the Chevalier de Rohan, or to have the Chevalier de Rohan asked for, at the door of the Cardinal de Rohan." Wherever Voltaire may have sought his enemy, he did not present his card at the door of that particular establishment!

"It is very easy for him to prove the contrary, and he consents to remain all his life in the Bastille if he is saying what is false (*s'il impose*). He asks for permission to take his meals (*manger*) with the Governor of the Bastille, and to see visitors (*du monde*). He asks, still more pressingly, to be allowed to proceed to England. If there is any doubt about his really leaving the country, he can be sent in the company of an *exempt*"—a sort of police officer—"as far as Calais," and be seen shipped off from France, or even landed in England.

#### BRAZIL.

*Brazil: Historical and Descriptive Sketches.* By the Rev. J. C. Fletcher and the Rev. D. P. Kidder. Sixth Edition. (London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

THE constant improvements which have been made to every succeeding edition of this valuable book, the new material personally collected by the authors, and the important and varied information they have gathered from every source, compel us to pronounce it the Hand-book to Brazil and the Brazilians. A good portrait of the Emperor Dom Pedro II., a map worked up from the best materials, and some hundred and fifty plates and cuts, make it pretty as well as useful. With a very good table of contents and fair index, the reader will have no difficulty in soon, to use Baron Alderson's phrase, "disembowelling the book."

We can endorse the observations in regard to the beauty of Rio de Janeiro and surrounding country, and, had we the space, would willingly make extracts from the introduction, but may say, if you have the time, make a trip to Brazil, not forgetting a peep at the Amazons. Alluding to the capital of this great empire, the authors say, "Here, under the Imperial head of Brazil, the young and gifted Dom Pedro II., and under whose constitutional rule civil liberty, religious toleration, and general prosperity are better secured than in any other Government in the New World, save where the Anglo-Saxon bears sway."

Rio abounding in so much granite, some of it thickly-studded with garnets, we are surprised to find that the *Rua Direita* is paved with small square blocks of stone brought from our Isle of Wight! Rather a good story is told of the dislike of change with Portuguese, as well as their descendants, the Brazilians, which will scarcely apply to the present time:—"Adam requested leave to revisit this world, permission was granted, and he was conveyed to

earth; but so changed, so strange all appeared to him, that he nowhere felt at home till he came to Portugal. 'Ah, now,' exclaimed he, 'set me down; everything here is just as I left it.'"

How will the Darwinites make use of the following statement:—

The Indians have a curious art by which they change the colours of the plumage of many birds. They pluck out a certain number of feathers, and in the various vacancies thus occasioned infuse the milky secretion made from the skin of a small frog. When the feathers grow again, they are of a brilliant yellow or orange colour, without any mixture of green or blue, as in the natural state of the bird; and, it is said, the yellow feather will ever after be reproduced without a new infusion of the milky secretion.

The discovery and early history of Brazil is given, including the ill-successes of the French Huguenots, and mainly through the treachery of the Jesuits and their corrupted Christianity, Coligny was deceived by Villegagnon, and the followers of Loyola carried out their system—that of the end sanctifying the means! However, it is cheering to find that, the present Emperor has aided in the construction of Protestant places of worship for the Protestant colonists, and put down three riots attempted against them. The authors add: "Brazilian legislators should go one step further—and admit to Parliament all fit men, of whatsoever denomination. Then Brazil will be abreast of the 19th century." The escape of the Portuguese Court from Lisbon out of the way of the French to Brazil in 1807, its residence there, and raising the colony to be a kingdom in 1815, produced rapid and salutary changes; still the numberless needy Portuguese who surrounded the Court, considered themselves superior to the country-born, or Brazilians, treating them improperly; now there commenced retaliation on the part of the oppressed, but the Brazilians in the end gained the day. The revolution in Portugal in 1827, in favour of a constitution, was responded to by a similar one in Brazil; when the King, Dom John VI., returned to Lisbon, leaving his eldest son Pedro, then 23 years of age, as Regent. In a note it is mentioned that as the King was about to leave he said, "Pedro, Brazil will, I fear, ere long, separate herself from Portugal; and, if so, place the crown on thine own head rather than allow it to fall into the hands of any adventurer." As early as September, 1822, the Regent finding himself persecuted by the Lisbon Government, he at once gave out his view of the matter by the following words, "*Independencia ou morte.*" Dom Pedro was proclaimed constitutional Emperor on the 21st of the same September. Nine years of a very active reign, including his want of success in annexing Montevideo to his large empire, and, as we look upon it, the difficulty of politically and socially amalgamating Portuguese, Brazilians, their descendants, and the blood of the African negro, forming numberless grades of mulatto, with, in all probability, some desire of Dom Pedro to play a part in European politics, which he successfully did by displacing his younger brother, Dom Miguel, from his rather usurped position of absolute King of Portugal, ended by placing his own daughter, Donna Maria, as the constitutional Queen in that country; which having done, Don Pedro died in 1835.

The sewerage of Rio was formerly very defective, and slaves, nicknamed *Tigers*, conveyed each night to the water's edge the accumulated offal of the city, and the next tide swept it (a portion) out to sea. It is now many years since we had to inhale the dreadful odours of the Praia do Flamengo. The following is told the newly-arrived stranger:—A Brazilian, on a visit to Paris, became very ill. Every restorative was applied in vain, until a French physician, well acquainted with the capital of Brazil, was called in, and he decided that it was impossible to hope for the recovery of the patient unless he could breathe his native air; but as he could not return to Rio, the doctor prescribed that there should be concocted in the sick chamber a compound of villainous smells. To make a long story short, the patient recovered!



Part of Chapter viii., on the Negro, will be interesting to anthropologists, particularly as regards the *athletic and intelligent* Mina tribe, who are Mahomedans, from the coast of Benin. Slavery appears to be doomed in Brazil, for by the present laws on this subject, emancipation by will, by purchasing their own freedom, and by liberation, slaves have decreased one-third; at present there are only about two millions, and it seems that the emancipated were not lost to labour, as some advocates of slavery would have us believe, for from 1850 to 1860, the great tropical staples of coffee, sugar, cotton, and tobacco, increased 30 per cent. Some of the young Brazilerros like nothing ignoble; they prefer to have a gold lace round their caps. The Englishmen and Germans are the wholesale importers, the Portuguese the jobber, the Frenchman the coiffeur and fancy dealer, the Italian the pedlar, the Portuguese larders the grocer; the Brazilian is the gentleman, and at twenty-five is an exquisite, dressed in the last Paris fashion. His conversation may be about the opera, the next ball, or some young lady, whose father has so many *contos*—a conto is about the value of one hundred pounds. Still, with European travel and education, these become good and useful members of society.

Periodical literature is fast improving in Brazil. At Rio, among other signs, there is a Medical Review, and a Brazilian and Foreign Quarterly. Newspapers are in abundance. The National Library alone has over one hundred thousand volumes. The Museum is worthy of Rio; the arts and music are well cultivated; and there are Agricultural, Statistical, and other societies. As to the laws, it would appear that in no country of South America is there greater personal security and a fairer dispensation of justice.

The excellency of the climate, the various animal and vegetable productions, all come in for due examination. Industrial proceedings and railway affairs bring us back to almost European operations. When journeying in the Southern Provinces, we are informed that the first building a Portuguese erects is a church; the first that the Brazilian builds is a grog-shop; but the English build both at the same time. When in the province of Paraná, a description is given of the tea of the country—the Terba de Paraguay or Maté, the *Ilex Paraguaysensis* of the *Rhamnæe* family, and to which Von Martius gives the name of Cassine Gongonha. Although much maté is still used in South America, the tea of China has been for years an increasing import. As to coal, in the South, the name of Candiota, in connexion with this important mineral, will be, it is said, as famous in Brazil as Cardiff in England.

There is a long and interesting note at page 351 on the actual war now raging between Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, on the one side, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Monte Video on the other. Lopez had well prepared himself, and as all his half-Indian subjects—nay, slaves—have been well schooled to hate every one but themselves, and their military position being most favourable, the other combined powers, as yet, have been unable to bring Lopez to rational terms. Still, three to one ought to settle the matter against the Dictator Lopez II.

In the province of San Paulo there are some considerable China tea plantations, and although this Asiatic leaf has not, as yet, been very largely produced, there is no doubt that Southern Brazil can produce as good tea as that grown in China or India.

The northern part of the empire was visited, and descriptions are given of the more interesting subjects—animals, plants, and numberless other productions, including diamonds, other precious stones, and gold; and also allusion to a race of Indians with tails (page 461) the thickness of a finger, and that they cut their tails once a month! M. Deville has shown that these said-to-be Indians with tails are the *Brachyrus Calvus* monkey.

The mighty river Amazon is somewhat explored, and portions of it described in such

glowing language that one wishes to be on its stream; the mightiest river in the world rises in the loftiest mountains of the Western continent, and flows for thousands of miles through forests unparalleled in beauty, extent, and productiveness. Had we the space, we would fain give extracts from this portion of the work, which is lucid and full of importance for the future. The authors allude to several historical accounts of this river; we may mention rather an important one—the expedition of Pedro de Ursua and Lope de Aguirre in search of El Dorado, 1560-1, translated for the *Hakluyt Society* by Mr. Bollaert.

We have an account of Haenke's *Te Deum* when he first saw the Victoria Regina, and due merit given to our old friend and fellow-traveller in South America, Mr. Bridges, for his discovery of the sun plant in 1845 in a lake hidden in the forests of the Tacourva, and of the seeds he brought to England which germinated at Kew Gardens.

#### MR. R. R. HOLMES'S ILLUSTRATED PRAYER-BOOK.

*The Book of Common Prayer, &c.* With Titles and Borders, designed and drawn by R. R. Holmes, F.S.A., and engraved on wood by O. Jewitt. (Rivingtons.)

THE illustrations to this Prayer-Book are as nearly perfect in their kind as pencil and graver can make them. Nothing so beautiful has met our eye in modern days; and since the early part of the fourteenth century nothing so beautiful has been produced in England, so far as our experience goes. We speak from an eight years' study of early manuscripts, and from an endeavour at least to see every modern work pretending to beauty of design in England; but till now we have never seen the grace and self-restraint of the lovely early work, combined with the fulness and richness of modern fancy. Most of our modern illuminators, whether in colour, or black and white, have taken as models the poor fifteenth and sixteenth century work; they have trained themselves in a wrong school, and have done little better than reproduce the worst faults in it. But here is a man whose Museum work has for years made him familiar with the purest and best styles of artists inspired by faith, delighting in Nature as their Creator's work, and full of that self-restraint and repose that marks the gentleman, whether bred in cloister or court. Taking example by such as these, following the work, whose lines are a pleasure to watch, whose colour is a delight to behold, Mr. Holmes has produced a set of six titles and nine borders, which will be, like their prototypes, a treat to enjoy whenever an eye that can see, and a mind that can perceive, looks at them. Let any reader open the book at the order for Morning Prayer, with its rich starred page, multitudinous as the heavens at night, or turn to the quieter Evening Prayer, where the choired angels sing their hymns above the moon and stars; let him turn to the holier Collects, pass on to the page of Last Supper, with its bread and its wine of life; let him see David harping his psalms, while angels, above and below, alternately chant; let him note in one and all of these the wealth of fancy, the grace of line, the fertility of invention and beauty of design, and then say whether he thinks our praise exaggerated, whether he wonders that we claim for this work, easily, the first place among modern colourless illuminations. We thought, perhaps, that our own first impression of its value might have been too strong, and purposely abstained from a separate notice of the book for three weeks, to try if second thoughts would change the first. But instead of changing, they have only strengthened them: we look on the drawings, every time we take them up, with increased pleasure, and go back to them as we do to the best old works. Than this no higher praise can we give.

Of the borders, we like best the narrowest, that come third and fourth in the book; next, the fifth and sixth, then the tenth, eighth, and ninth. Number seven, with the pussy, birds, and squirrel, full of fancy and change as it is,

wants, we think, a dark touch or two here and there to throw it up; though perhaps this seeming defect is due to the printing.

Messrs. Rivingtons are bound to print a large paper edition of the book,—its present margin does but scant justice to the beauty of the cuts—and then the book should be on the table of every man and woman who has a soul for art. It is a unique book, the first of its kind, and worthy of a sale by thousands.

#### GIFT BOOKS.

(III.)

MR. A. W. BENNETT has induced two poets—rather a difficult task we suspect—to allow their idylls to be produced in the same illuminated form. The paper is toned, the page is bordered with dark-blue lines; and the ink is red. The illustrations consist of genuine photographs, amongst which we may single out "The Ocean Home." Gift books of new poetry can to some extent be tasted; and "The Golden Ripple: or The Leaflets of Life," is an allegorical poem, the secret of which is not very hard to decypher.

Whither are these ripples tending?  
Will their course be never ending?  
Will they never be at rest  
In the south or radiant west?  
Will the leaflets travel forth  
To the icy, cheerless north?  
Is the ripple, golden bright,  
Running to a sea of light?  
When the dark one's course is done,  
Will it also thither run?  
A little longer I must wait,  
Ere I can learn the leaflet's fate.

"Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl" is by an American poet Mr. Whittier, and thus he moralizes over a Yule log.—

Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read;  
Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade.  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just)  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must;  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

Messrs. Houlston and Wright produce, bound appropriately in tartan cloth, "The Illustrated Book of Scottish Songs." This collection was originally edited by Dr. Mackay; but in his absence Dr. Rogers has undertaken the revision. No person could be fitter than the man who discovered the manuscript of the long-lost poems of Sir Robert Aytoun, who first gave to the world the manuscripts of Lady Nann, and vindicated her claim to the "Lass o' Gowrie," and to whom Mrs. Lyon's manuscripts were also entrusted. A glossary of the less familiar Scotticisms completes the book.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

BOUND in all the colours of the rainbow, and embossed with every kind of device, our old friends "Sandford and Merton" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are put forth by Messrs. Gall and Inglis to supply not only Christmas-tide with presents, but the whole year to come with prizes and rewards. Not that these old-world favourites stand alone; but their familiar titles serve to introduce some new friends who have imitated them in their outward appearance, hoping perhaps by this means to recommend themselves to parents and preceptors. There is the "Heroism of Boyhood," a sort of juvenile "Self-Help;"



# THE READER.

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for more sedate minds there are "Stories and Studies of English History"; for those who cultivate the muse there is a beautiful copy of "Young's Complete Works" and a family edition of "Shakespeare" for young ladies. "The Lake of the Woods" illustrates in a romantic way the 12th chapter of the Romans; and less demonstrably religious, and a little cheaper, but not less prettily got up, are "My Brother's Keeper"; and "A Winter in Spitzbergen"; the last tale of the good old style which has nourished our Franklins and our Parrys. Still cheaper again and just as likely to form a sucking Burton or a Winwood Reade, is "The Wanderer in Africa"; and as a set-off to such a masculine record is coupled with it a second series of "Winning Words."

Then all for ninepence, under the title of "Heinrich's Struggle," is a telling biography of the early life of Heine, the German Scholar. It is familiar to many of us through Mr. Carlyle's well-known essay, and what prize could possibly be more appropriated to the future sizar or scholar, now struggling in some obscure municipal or charity school? Girls who get "Natalie" with the "Turkish Maiden" will not envy even the possessors of "Heinrich." Finally we have received from these thoughtful publishers packets of their illuminated "Picture Tickets" and "Hymn Reward Cards." What Sunday School Patron can resist buying them like so many sugar-plums, and flinging them broad-cast amongst the multitude of expectants, so that no one may go away disappointed.

Quaint are the headings, and unexpected the turns given to them of a little book, "Old Gems Reset," from the firm of Nelson and Sons, and mothers may gain some hints from "Zaida's Nursery Note Book" when it has served its turn for the season. A. L. O. E.'s series is widely known, and experience has added to her powers. Very comic, and striking with their red chalk illustrations are, "The Three Little Piggies and The Old Oak Tree" with "Roundabout Rhymes" from Dean and Son, who did not forget another class of readers when they produced "How to Win Love." Messrs. Routledge and Sons almost overwhelm our table with the quantity of their offerings. Their "Scripture Gift Book" has already appeared in parts, and here it is a gorgeous quarto, clad in crimson and gold, with "Scripture Alphabets" and nearly one hundred coloured squares, like mediæval panes of glass in the boldness of their touch. A little more secular, but not less splendid, "The Child's Coloured Gift Book" will illustrate the alphabet, and make that foundation of all knowledge a real pastime. But "Leaves from a Christmas Bough" is a more wonderful alphabet still, as those will say who buy it; again, "Three hundred Æsop's Fables" literally translated from the Greek, and with more than one illustration a-piece is, and is not a gift-book. Let it be the former till Twelfth-day is over, and then we can take it up as a text for schools. Since we last noticed them, we have again had time to glance over the series of Messrs. Nimmo: and our opinion of their merits is increased. The binding and gildings has retained all its lustre amid the fogs of London, and the handling pretty objects undergo in an editor's room, whilst the type and paper of the "Reward Books" make us regret we are no longer young enough to be content with making ourselves the "master of one book" for a brief space. The "Memorable Wars of Scotland" may stand side by side with Walter Scott; and Mrs. Hall has shown what lessons may be drawn from "Women's Lives," even when they bear the name of "Queen Christina."

## COMIC BOOKS.

MR. GRISSET has been so successful with the "Hatchet-Throwers" that his friends have hailed him with the proud title of the "English Doré." 'Tis a title, however, he only assumes during Christmas time, and, with this understanding, we will not dispute it. Comic books are scarce, but Mr. Hotten has taken care that the custom of them shall not altogether die

out. "Legends of Savage Life" depict strange encounters of very savage men with very sagacious animals, who have still some idea of their august relationship to the Lord of Creation. Darwinism has now arrived at that stage when it can bear ridicule; and when the shafts of wit directed against it are very widely understood. Many little boys will gain their first idea of it from such books as these. It has indicated a mine of suggestion for Greenwoods to dig, and Grisets and Dorés to illuminate as the digging goes on. A semi-comic book is "The Adventures of a Griffin on a Voyage of Discovery, written by Himself." Midshipmen's stories were so well told by Capt. Marryat that few have been bold enough to walk within his circle. But the "Griffin" describes what he sees in quite an original manner, and his voyages and Colonial experiences are, indeed, very wonderful.

## THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN HUNGARY.

TWO papers have been read this year at the Sessions of the Academy of Science, Pest (March 30th and November 19th) by Dr. Julius Schvarcz, on the subject of National Education. The information elicited by him, in the course of a careful investigation made at his own expense, is of great interest, though seeming to indicate that the much-vaunted reforms of the Austrian Government, from 1849 to 1861, had no other object than to deceive outsiders by an appearance of activity and of benevolent eagerness on the part of the Austrians, to execute their supposed mission and civilize Hungary. For, in spite of this talk of reform, it appears that school statistics in general are in an utterly miserable state; the Austrians having, for economical reasons, suppressed the only statistic office in Buda, the annual cost of which was 1,200 florins! A strange story, truly, if we compare it with the proceedings of a certain late minister, and other celebrities of the war of 1859, who contrived to alienate from the State, altogether, upwards of 100,000,000 florins. In point of fact, the State has not seriously concerned itself with the school statistics of Hungary since 1861, and hence the only reports are those of the various religious bodies, which, besides being very defective, have no very creditable returns to make.

The Protestants have done their best, but they have not succeeded in collecting the various reports of their different congregations. The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, have issued a systematic report for the whole kingdom; but the accuracy of their statistics is not to be implicitly trusted, as has been clearly proved to the Academy by the accounts collected by Dr. Schvarcz himself. The following facts indeed are but too plain, viz:—(1) that of 16,706 communities contained in the whole kingdom, 5,000 are entirely unprovided with schools; (2) the number of primary schools (private schools included) is but 13,000; (3) whereas there cannot be fewer than 1,800,000, between the ages of six and twelve, in the whole kingdom, only 880,000 attend the primary schools. It appears therefore that only 48 per cent. go to school at all (and even this number includes 9,000 children under twelve, but attending secondary schools), while more than 51 per cent. grow up without receiving any instruction whatever. Of those who do attend the primary schools not 10 per cent. can read and write when they leave school to enter upon the business of life; and we consequently find that only 18 per cent. of the recruits can read, and still fewer write. In Transylvania the per centage is 8·9; in the military frontier 9·9. Among the criminal prisoners in Hungary Proper 42 per cent. can read; in Croatia, 14.

In all Hungary there are but 33 training schools for teachers, and these have between them 800 pupils. It is, however, scarcely to be wondered at that the office of teacher is not more popular since the highest salary received by the master of a primary school is but 60 florins. The Protestants pay their teachers far better than do the Roman

Catholics; while the orthodox Greeks are worst paid of any. More than 100 public schoolmasters (chiefly Roman Catholics) receive no salary at all; several hundred receive but ten, twenty, or thirty florins per annum, with the addition of a miserable dwelling-house. Only 100 of the Roman Catholic schoolmasters have been properly trained and educated; the remainder being, for the most part, retired soldiers (themselves often quite unable to read Hungarian), or old servants, who have usually been in the service of ecclesiastics.

Seven thousand Roman Catholic and Jewish primary schools are under the nominal inspectorship of five men, who are also charged with the inspection of the secondary schools, and indeed confine their attention entirely to them. So much for the Government inspectors. As for the ecclesiastics, only thirty or forty of the 300 vice-deans, and only two of the of the seventy-two archdeacons have signed the ecclesiastical report since 1848. So that more than 700 primary schools are under no inspection whatever, either of Church or Government. We now come to the secondary schools, which consist of 167 gymnasias; twenty-nine "real schools," and twenty-seven mercantile schools. The pupils of the gymnasias number about 30,000; of the "real schools," 2,700; of the mercantile schools, about 2,057. Sixteen of the Roman Catholic gymnasias are state colleges; the rest belong to the Benedictines, Præmonstratenses, Cistercians, Minorites, Franciscans, Jesuits, and Piarists. All the "real schools" belong to the state or to different communities. The number of pupils annually entering the lowest class of the gymnasias is 5,000: but of these not more than 21 per cent. go through the eight classes, while less than 20 per cent. afterwards proceed to the University or other high schools, and 80 per cent. appear not to take to learning at all. The "real schools" have yet worse results to show, only 10 per cent. of their pupils ever ascending to the Polytechnic or technical high school.

Hungary possesses one university (Pest); twelve schools of jurisprudence; two medical schools; two schools of mines (a higher and lower); one mercantile high school; three agricultural high schools; one veterinary school, and one polytechnic school, besides very numerous theological seminaries belonging to the Roman Catholic and other religious communions.

The high schools number altogether not more than 3,000 students; of whom two third are jurists; while not more than forty or fifty are devoted to the pursuit of science. 111 Hungarians are students in foreign universities and high schools.

The State (i.e., under present circumstances, the Austrian Government) does not expend more than 14,096 florins per annum upon the public instruction of the whole kingdom: whereas this same State, even in time of peace, annually draws 100,000,000 florins from Hungary in the shape of taxes; and is content to spend more than 4,000,000 florins per annum on the breeding and training of horses for the army.

Nearly all the school foundations of Hungary are religious; but (with some few exceptions, as the university, and the Protestant college of Sárospatak) they are of so ancient a date as to be wholly inadequate to the task of supplying the instruction necessary in schools of the present day. Yet the Austrian Government imposes a heavy tax, both on the university and on the colleges, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, and even exacts from the Academy of Sciences an annual sum far larger than the said Academy can afford to spend for scientific purposes.

Let us compare the sums granted annually by Government for public instruction, in the three states of Hungary, Lippe Detmold (one of the smallest of German States), and the Sandwich Isles. Hungary, as we have seen receives 14,096 florins per annum; Lippe Detmold, 18,000 thalers; the Sandwich Isles, 22,000 dollars!

This statement, made by Dr. Schvarcz



naturally excited much surprise in the Academy, and a majority of the Members warmly applauded his proposal, that a Society should be formed for the "Promotion of Public Instruction in Hungary;" that this Society should have no distinctively religious character, but should occupy itself particularly with the details neglected in the present statistic reports. Failing this, Dr. Schvarcz observed that Government would do well to follow the example of the French Government of 1833, and appoint well-educated registrars to each county, a measure which would afford employment to several hundred intelligent young 'proletarii', poor lawyers, physicians, and graduates of the technical schools, who are now starving in the Hungarian capital.

What the Diet may be able to do in this matter is entirely uncertain, for many of the present Hungarian Statesmen care little for public instruction, and the Austrians are opposed to anything tending to the mental development of the Hungarian nation. Private individuals cannot make up for the absence of energy on the part of the State; nor, however great be their efforts to promote the cause of education by rendering it all the material and literary aid in their power,—can any reason able reform be effected in Hungary without the interference of the State.

Dr. Schvarcz has found himself obliged to suspend his periodical, the *Uj Korszak* (New Era), which he has carried on, at much personal sacrifice, in the cause of popular education. He is now occupied in completing his long treatise "The Reform of Public Instruction a Political Necessity," a work of liberal political views. Meanwhile, an excellent Protestant writer, Gonda László, Director of the Gymnasium at Békés, is about to publish a Quarterly Review, for the ventilation and in the cause of all those questions touching Hungarian civilization, for which the late *Uj Korszak* contended so valiantly.

## SCIENCE.

## UNIVERSAL LAW.

*The Reign of Law.* By the Duke of Argyll. 8vo, pp. vi.—435. (Strahan.)

THE attempted classification of Reason and Faith finds no favour with the Duke of Argyll. With one vigorous blow he sweeps away such sophistry:—

The conclusion which the language of some scientific men evidently points to, is that great general laws inexorable in their operation, and causes in endless chain of invariable sequence, are the governing powers in nature, and that they leave no room for any special direction or providential ordering of events. If this be true, it is vain to deny its bearing on religion. What, then, can be the use of prayer? Can laws hear us? Can they change, or can they suspend themselves? These questions cannot but arise, and they require an answer. It is said of a late eminent professor and clergyman of the English Church, who was deeply imbued with these opinions on the place occupied by law in the economy of nature, that he went on, nevertheless, preaching high doctrinal sermons from the pulpit until his death. He did so on the ground that propositions which were contrary to his reason were not necessarily beyond his faith. The inconsistencies of the human mind are indeed unfathomable; and there are men so constituted as honestly to suppose that they can divide themselves into two spiritual beings, one of whom is sceptical, and the other is believing.

And he says truly enough:—

If there is any helpfulness in prayer even to the mind itself, that helpfulness can only be preserved by showing that the belief on which this virtue depends is a rational belief. The very essence of that belief is this,—that the Divine mind is accessible to supplication, and that the divine will is capable of being moved thereby.

So far we cordially agree; but the noble author's idea of miracles is very strange. Thus he says:—

A miracle would still be a miracle even though we did know the laws through which it was accomplished, provided those laws, though not beyond human knowledge, were beyond human

control. We might know the conditions necessary to the performance of a miracle, although utterly unable to bring those conditions about.

Now until we do know the laws by which any one miracle is accomplished, we cannot tell what our inference from the possession of such knowledge would be. We see "superhuman power" daily in the ordinary course of nature, bringing about conditions and results which we can understand and predict, but which are utterly beyond our control. But we do not call or have they ever been called miracles. It is strange that an intellect which is clear enough to recognize the absurdity of supposing prayer to be of any avail unless it actually changes the course of events should endeavour to deceive itself on so simple a matter as that of the miraculous. A miracle, that is a religious miracle, such as most of those recorded in the Gospels, is a violent and arbitrary interference with the established course of Nature, brought about by the will or word of the Creator. Those who believe such an occurrence to be possible must suppose that scientific men are wrong when they tell us that no such interference could take place without a disturbance of the constitution of the Universe. Thus they would say the cessation of the earth's motion for a day would require, if the results were to be only of the same duration, a suspension of the laws of light, heat, and gravity; and the evolution of some inconceivable force to counterbalance the natural consequences of such an event. And this is the standing objection to miracles. We can imagine the Creator dealing with the earth, as man may deal with a watch, if the earth like the watch is in a surrounding medium, which will be affected not only in an infinitesimal degree, but quite in a natural way by the cessation of its peculiar movement. According to "The Reign of Law" this would be a parallel case. The watch is within human control; the earth or sun is beyond it. The laws which govern each might be within our comprehension. To deal with the one would be according to law. To deal with the other would require "superhuman power," and therefore a miracle. Stated thus, the proposition is one no man can admit.

Again, the Duke carried away by his theory speaks thus:—

When Professor Owen tells us, for example, that certain jointed bones in the whale's paddle are the same bones which in the mole enable it to burrow, which in the bat enable it to fly, and in man constitute his hand, with all its wealth of functions, he does not mean that physically and actually they are the same bones, nor that they have the same uses, nor that they ever have been, or ever can be, transferable from one kind of animal to another. He means that in a purely ideal or mental conception of the plan of all vertebrate skeletons, these bones occupy the same relative place—relative, that is, not to origin or use, but to the plan or conception of that skeleton as a whole.

The negative view of Professor Owen's words is correct enough; but it is too much to say that he means by the word "relative"—"relative not to origin or use." For the question is not the private opinion of the Professor, but what any other anatomist might mean by such language; which might easily be, that on the development theory these bones would re-appear in a very different shape when the whole animal had become very different, but would be almost as much the same as the thigh-bone of a giant would be the same thigh-bone of a Lapp—as much, and no more. Nor can we allow the former to be "a larger and wider view." Mr. Darwin attributes much of the beauty we admire in Nature as the result of design to "symmetrical development." To give a "design" to this again would take us much farther back than Professor Owen, or those who speak for him, would care to go, but which is the "largest?"

Nor is the instance of the poison secreted in the snake of the value ascribed to it. It is idle to talk of "the deadly virus, which shall in a few minutes curdle the blood, benumb the nerves, and rush in upon the citadel of life." Man is the only being who can foresee and moralize upon death. This it is which

makes death so hateful, and, at the same time, so mysterious. But the death of the rabbit in the jaws of the snake is no more to Nature than the death of the vegetable in the maw of man. The life of one organisation is crushed out, and, so far as it exists in that form, to enable another organisation to maintain its present form a little longer. The general "purpose," if there be such, is the preservation of life in some shape or another. The particular method may be the result of even mechanical development. Much more accurate is the following:—

It is very difficult to divest ourselves of the notion, that whatever happens by way of natural consequence is thereby removed, at least by one degree, from being the expression of will and the effect of purpose. We forget that all our own works, not less than the works of nature, are works done through the means and instrumentality of law. All that we can effect is brought about by way of natural consequence. All our machines are simply contrivances for bringing natural forces into operation; and these machines themselves we are able to construct, only out of the materials and by application of the laws of nature. The steam-engine works by way of natural consequence; so does Mr. Babbage's calculating machine; so does the electric telegraph; so does the solar system.

And so, some would say, does Man; His "free-will," his "invention," his "purpose," being nothing more than the fact that he does not know the motives or agencies which determine those very actions which seem to him most his own.

We are afraid on these problems we shall not agree with the Duke; and for Christmas times they are, perhaps, rather too serious. We leave them for the present, and gladly turn to a most amusing chapter, which might have been headed "The Art to Fly":—

The force of gravitation, though its exact measure was not ascertained till the days of Newton, has been the most familiar of all forces in all ages of mankind. How, then, in violation of its known effects, could heavy bodies be supported upon the thin air—and be gifted with the power of sustaining and directing movements more easy, more rapid, and more certain than the movements of other animals upon the firm and solid earth? No animal motion in Nature is so striking or so beautiful as the—

"Scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare  
The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air."

Nor will the wonder cease when, so far as the mechanical problem is concerned, the mystery of flight is solved. If we wish to see how material laws can be bent to purpose, we shall study this problem.

In the first place it is remarkable that the force which seems so adverse—the force of gravitation drawing down all bodies to the earth, is the very force which is the principal one concerned in flight, and without which flight would be impossible. It is curious how completely this has been forgotten in almost all human attempts to navigate the air. Birds are not lighter than the air, but immensely heavier. If they were lighter than the air they might float, but they could not fly. This is the difference between a bird and a balloon. A balloon rises because it is lighter than the air, and floats upon it. Consequently, it is incapable of being directed, because it possesses in itself no active force enabling it to resist the currents of the air in which it is immersed, and because, if it had such a force, it would have no fulcrum, or resisting medium against which to exert it. It becomes, as it were, part of the atmosphere, and must go with it where it goes. No bird is ever for an instant of time lighter than the air in which it flies; but—being, on the contrary, always greatly heavier, it keeps possession of a force capable of supplying momentum, and therefore capable of overcoming any lesser force, such as the ordinary resistance of the atmosphere, and even of heavy gales of wind. The law of gravitation, therefore, is used in the flight of birds as one of the most essential of the forces which are available for the accomplishment of the end in view.

The requisite balance to this law is the resisting force of the atmosphere, combined with the immense elasticity of the air. The wing of an animal must be able to strike the air with such violence as to call forth a re-action equally violent, and in the opposite direction. Then the author explains how it is that birds mount, and sustain themselves in the air;



why it is that some have a quick and others a slow flight; and the chapter is illustrated with many diagrams, and curious particulars about the habits of sea-birds, and every "winged fowl":—

It cannot be too often repeated—because misconception on this point has been the cardinal error in human attempts to navigate the air—that in all the beautiful evolutions of birds upon the wing, it is weight, and not buoyancy, which makes those evolutions possible. It supplies them, so to speak, with a store of Force which is constant, inexhaustible, inherent in the very substance of themselves, and entirely independent of any muscular exertion. All they have to do is to give direction to that internal Force, by acting on the external Force of aerial currents, through the contraction and expansion of the implements which have been given them for that purpose.

This is the final conclusion:—

On the earth and on the sea man has attained to powers of locomotion with which, in strength, endurance, and in velocity, no animal movement can compare. But the air is an element on which he cannot travel—an ocean which he cannot navigate. The birds of heaven are still his envy, and on the paths they tread he cannot follow. As yet! for it is not certain that this exclusion is to be perpetual. His failure has resulted quite as much from his ignorance of natural laws, as from his inability to meet the conditions which they demand. All attempts to guide bodies buoyant in the air must be fruitless. Balloons are mere toys. No flying animal has ever been formed on the principle of buoyancy. Birds, and bats, and dragons, have been all immensely heavier than the air, and their weight is one of the forces most essential to their flight. Yet there is a real impediment in the way of man navigating the air—and that is the excessive weight of the only great mechanical moving powers hitherto placed at his disposal. When science shall have discovered some moving power greatly lighter than we yet know, in all probability the problem will be solved. But of one thing we may be sure—that if man is ever destined to navigate the air, it will be in machines formed in strict obedience to the mechanical laws which have been employed by the Creator for the same purpose in flying animals.\*

It is perhaps too much to say that balloons are mere toys. They are in any case pioneers in the vast wilderness of the air. Aeronauts may one day be held of the same account as the unknown patriarch whose heart was of threefold brass, and who ventured out of sight of land. Their very names may be forgotten; but their labours will be of service even when we have the

— Machines swifter than the air  
Which we will have invented yet.

*An Essay on Dew, and several Appearances connected with it.* By William Charles Wells. Edited, with Annotations, by L. P. Casella, F.R.A.S.; and an Appendix, by R. Strachan, F.M.S. (Longmans.) The last edition of the Essay on Dew dates from 1821. The reason why it has been so long neglected arises in some degree from its perfection. The subject is treated in so exhaustive a manner, the language is so classical, and the reasoning so sound, and the conclusions arrived at so indisputable that, scarce as the book had become, no one cared to damage his reputation by contradicting it, or plagiarizing from it. It is here reproduced exactly as it last appeared, with a few notes, which do not interfere with the simplicity of the text. In the brief notice of Dr. Wells, prefixed to the Essay, the editor seems quite unconscious of his claims to be a predecessor of Darwin in the discovery of the principle of natural selection. Mr. Darwin has, almost at the same moment, supplied the omission in the "Historical Sketch" which accompanies the fourth edition of the "Origin of Species." "In 1813," says he, "Dr. W. C. Wells read before the Royal Society 'An Account of a White Female, part of whose skin resembles that of a Negro;' but his paper was not published until his famous 'Two Essays upon Dew and Single Vision' appeared in 1818."

\* The men of science in France are ahead of the men of science in England upon this subject. There is a society established in Paris which announces in its very title the true fundamental principle of flight, "Société d'Encouragement pour la Locomotion Aérienne au moyen d'Appareils plus Lourds que l'Air." The false principle of buoyancy is thus eliminated and banished from the question.

### CANNIBALISM OF THE REINDEER MAN.

At the Brussels Academy, on the 15th October, M. Dupont presented a very interesting memoir "On the Ethnography of the Man of the Reindeer." It is divided into five parts. The first contains a detailed description of most of the human remains of the age of the reindeer, which the author has collected. The second discusses the place which the men of that age occupy amongst human races, and the author, together with M. Pruner-Bey, are of opinion that they belong to the Uralo-altaic Family, and especially to the Ligurian type. M. d'Omalius, who reported on the memoir, agrees with this only so far that he thinks a marked distinction has been made out between these men and the existing population. The third chapter treats of the manufactures, and the fourth of the habits of this race. They seem to have lived in caverns, to have buried their dead in them, to have eaten the flesh of wild animals, especially the horse and the reindeer. In the fifth chapter the author points out the relations which existed between these men and those of the Lesse and of Perigord, and the differences between them and those of the polished stone period. M. Spring entered at length into the question of the cannibalism of these ancient races. He differed in opinion with most Palaeanthropologists on this point. He considered cannibalism to be proved beyond a doubt. As early as 1842, in a deposit at Chauvaux, he had found what he then thought undeniable evidence of this custom. "I found, in the bone-trench, vegetable fuel, cinders, calcined clay, and burnt bones. I proved that the bones which contained marrow were broken or split open, while those which contained no alimentary substance remained entire. The only animals whose remains were found, were those who served for the food of man. In the same heap, pell-mell with the bones of animals, surpassing them in number, and amalgamated with them in a sort of stalagmite, were human bones. Those which had no marrow were entire; the long bones were all broken: in a word, the human bones were treated in exactly the same manner as those of oxen, horses, sheep, and bear. I saw one human parietal fractured, with the stone axe remaining in it, imbedded in the stalagmite." But, as even the antiquity of man at that time was not recognised by men of science, he was unable to get a hearing. He combated the different objections which had been made to his opinion, and concluded thus:—"As to Belgium, the discoveries of M. Dupont have confirmed the observations at Chauvaux. That learned and indefatigable explorer was very much surprised on seeing, at Chaleux, some human bones, taken from amongst animal bones, which he considers positively as the remains of repasts made by men of the reindeer age. . . . Besides at the Trou de Chaleux, M. Dupont has found human bones elsewhere, in exactly similar conditions to those at Chauvaux, viz., in the little cavern at the same place, then in the Trou Reuviau at Furfooz, and finally in the caverns of Eyzies and la Madeleine."

### AMERICAN MUSEUMS.

The Round Table has the following on this subject:—

How many more years are to elapse before New York can boast of a good museum? that is, a scientific museum, with its working society, like the Boston Society of Natural History or the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; a museum the collections of which, while furnishing material to the special student, shall cultivate in the public mind a taste for a more intellectual and refining enjoyment; a museum in which the ordinary beauties of nature shall form greater attractions to the eye than hideous deformities. So long as Barnum's heterogeneous collection of novelties takes the place of a legitimate museum, so long will the majority of people support it; for their exists, and always has existed, among the masses a morbid curiosity to gaze on any malformation or eccentric growth. Only furnish higher material to the public, and they will ignore the crudities. It would seem that the time was now ripe for the New Yorkers to found something after the style of the British Museum or the Jardin des Plantes. Even the meagre collection of animals at Central Park is sufficiently attractive to draw a crowd at all times. There is no reason why New York should be so backward in this matter. The two essential requisites are these, money and naturalists. Of those specially interested in natural history, many of them distinguished, we count sixty in a *Naturalist's Directory*, recently published by the Essex Institute, of Salem, Mass., while a host of others reside in the immediate vicinity. The people are naturally

gregarious, and clubs, societies, and organizations outside of natural history flourish; why then should not a natural history society flourish as well? It is only by comparison with other cities that the deplorable condition of New York in this respect is best seen. Boston, the centre of this continent for science, has, first, the Boston Society, of Natural History, with its superb collections and library, contained in a building costing \$104,000 while its real estate and funds outside of building and collections is valued at \$185,618. This favourable condition of affairs attests to the liberality and intellect of the public and state. The Institute of Technology has \$100,000 in a building, besides a large working fund, with the best talent in the land adding lustre and renown to its name. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences issue their valuable quarto publications, and possess one of the choicest scientific libraries in America. The Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, founded by Francis C. Grey, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 towards it, has received from its friends in Boston and Cambridge \$71,000 and a grant from the state of \$100,000, beside a valuable piece of land from Harvard College. It started into life in the year 1859, with this nest-egg of over a quarter of a million of dollars. Since then the museum has received additional aid from its friends and the state. Their alcoholic collections are the largest in the country, and the present building is already too small to exhibit even a small portion of their accumulations. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, incorporated in 1812, has been one of the foremost institutions of the country. In the year 1860 their library contained 24,300 volumes, and their collections over 200,000 species, and the publications of their journal and proceedings form a library of themselves. The Academy has received no aid from the state, except in being exempted from taxation. In the far West they are not idle in this matter, for the Academy of Natural Sciences of Chicago came into existence a short time ago with \$250,000 of capital. But in the East, even in so small a town as quiet Salem, they have a society called the Essex Institute devoted to history and the sciences. This society is in a healthy and thriving condition; during the year 157 resident members have been elected, and the present number of resident members is 502. Their historical papers are issued in bi-monthly parts, and their natural history papers in quarterly parts, forming publications of the highest value. Their field meetings, held during the summer in various parts of the country, tend greatly to promote and foster a love for these studies. Space will not allow us to mention numerous other societies of this nature, though we must speak of the California Academy of Natural Sciences of San Francisco, which is doing so much to develop the natural history of a region but little known to the scientific world. All the above-mentioned societies number from two to four hundred resident members each.

Now let us glance at New York, and see what is being done by the largest city on the continent. The New York Lyceum of Natural History, though incorporated in 1818, being nearly the oldest society of the kind in America, had in 1864 only eighty-eight resident members, and of this number only thirty-two paying their annual fees, a sum amounting in the aggregate to \$160. If we mistake not, they have no building, and their collections are packed away in boxes. Through the enterprise of a few zealous members they continue the publication of their *Annals*, but otherwise there appears no evidence of life in the organization. The cause of science seems to fail in every way in the Empire City. For example, in 1814 the state, in order to promote science, granted to Columbia College two hundred and twenty lots, now in the centre of the city, worth ten years ago \$400,000. This grant was made for a botanic garden, and one of the conditions was that the college should deliver "at least one healthy exotic flower, shrub, or plant, of every kind of which they should have more than one, together with the jar or vessel containing the same, to the trustees of each of the other colleges of this state who should apply for the same."

In the language of one of its trustees not long ago, "I cannot think it very handsome of the college to ask, as it did not five years afterwards, to be relieved from this duty; but science was forgotten, and flowers, shrubs, plants, and botanic garden melted into thin air."

In the winter of 1829-30 there was exhibited in Boston a skeleton purporting to be that of the "Behemoth." The exposure of this as an imposture in one of the papers of that day led to the formation of a society to take steps towards preventing a repetition of such humbugs being brought



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before a too credulous public. This society formed the nucleus of the present Boston Society of Natural History. It is not a propitious moment for a society to be formed in New York not only to guard the public against a renewal of such ridiculous impostures as the "Aztec children," "Japanese mermaids," etc., but to place before the public, free of charge, an exhibition of objects whose feature shall be attractive rather for the amount of information gained than for the gratification of morbid curiosities?

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TELEGRAPHY.

"I seek a hero, an uncommon want."—Don Juan, Canto I.

#### To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In the hunt for telegraphic inventors, quite a fashionable sport for the moment, the *Saturday Review*, which always cares more for a telling hit than for carrying with it the conviction of its readers, started a fresh hare a week or two ago, Corydon by name, and ran it sharply back to the Admiralty of Lord Melville's day; then, at a single reach of fifty years, doubled back, and scared by young Barrow, ran into the Duke of Somerset, then dodged round Captain Cowper Coles's turret ships, through the metallic tube of Morse's cartridge at the War Office, without exploding the self-contained means of ignition, or being damaged by "the rapid fire which wastes the ammunition." Skirmishing suavely round General Peel, the chase got entangled with Watt and Arkwright, and, finally floundering amongst horses and horsepower, was run into at the end of a sparkling article.

The real object of the chase was evidently not the electric telegraph, of which the writer seems to know very little, nor of its inventors, but a clever "shy" at the Admiralty and War Department from 1816 to 1866—unquestionably "fair game." The official style of argument was very prettily shown up, but the writer's own logic is not much better, for, after justly praising men like "Watt and Arkwright, who commanded success and attained results which were previously impracticable," because they "had not depended on Government, but lived by their vigilance," the writer raises his Corydon, Mr. Ronalds, to the pinnacle, though he *did* depend upon the Admiralty, whose patronage he sought, and at their first rebuff, took his leave of the science of electricity. On the very questionable authority of Professor Wheatstone's testimony, the *Review* pronounces Mr. Ronalds to be "the author of a great discovery, which was destined in his own lifetime to attract the attention and wonder of the world."

The article, however, does earnest justice to Mr. Ronalds's modest merit, in which I fully concur; but it is falsifying scientific history to call Mr. Ronalds the "original inventor" of the electric telegraph, even though it be done on Mr. Wheatstone's testimony, whose object in giving it is thus stated by the *Saturday Review*:—"In a pamphlet Mr. Cooke had asserted that he had himself separately invented the telegraph, and Mr. Wheatstone had replied by denying the claim, on the ground that in 1823 the principle had been 'developed completely and effectually by Mr. Ronalds.' " Menelaus had insisted on his exclusive right to the Calf, but Dametas baffled, after a twelve years' struggle to keep it to himself, had in despair set up a preferable title in an absent Corydon." All those gentlemen are in the same category; each employed well-known means to effect his object, the object an electric telegraph being itself an old idea. The clocks, the divergence of pith balls, and the firing of gunpowder by static electricity were all old discoveries long before Mr. Ronalds's time, as the magnetic needle, the galvanometer or multiplier, the voltaic magnet, and the decomposition of water were all discovered before Wheatstone or Cooke entered the field; and, not to go back to the mysterious M. of Renfrew, who lived a century ago, Semmerring takes the lead in our time:—

"On the 5th of July, 1809," Dr. Hamel relates, in Dr. Semmerring's words, "the Minister (of Bavaria) wishes to get from the Academy proposals for telegraphs. I at once resolved to try whether the visible evolution of gases from the decomposition of water by the action of the galvanic current might not be applied to telegraphic purposes. I could not rest till I realized the idea. On the 22nd July, my apparatus was already so far advanced that it was fit to work." Dr. Hamel continues:—"On the 18th August, Dr. Semmerring could telegraph through as much as 2,000 Prussian feet of wire. On the 29th August, he exhibited

his telegraph in action before a meeting of the Academy of Science at Munich. Here he expressed the hope that it might serve to telegraph from Munich to Augsburg, nay from one end of the kingdom to the other, without intermediate stations." Every tyro in electrical history and science knows these facts.

Next to practical Semmerring came the practical Ronalds, who proposed to use frictional electricity, and very fully elaborated his plans. Then Baron Schelling, and next Cooke and Wheatstone. Mr. Cooke's first idea of an electric telegraph has been recently taken up at its starting point, Heidelberg, and followed up to its realization in one of your late numbers.

I am about to handle the subject from a different point of view, and contrast with his scientific predecessors this Watt, Arkwright, or Stephenson, of telegraphy, who did not look to the patronage of Government for assistance, but fought his own way through all difficulties to success. It is in this respect that Mr. Cooke stands out in such strong relief from the honourable band of telegraphic projectors that preceded him. He seized his idea where many hundreds of others might, if they could have done the same, at a public lecture room. He sticks to it, never leaves it, works at it day and night in all its bearings, seeks scientific aid, obtains the protection of a patent, finds among the Stephensons, Brunels, and men of that class, minds that listen to his earnest representations and strong conviction, that the electric telegraph was a pressing necessity and a practicable reality. I was present at a Board Meeting of the Great Western Directors, and heard him urge upon those sceptical gentlemen that, with a telegraph over their railway, the Manager, in his office at Paddington, would, "like a spider, live along the line." The younger Brunel applauded, whilst others laughed at his quotation and his enthusiasm. But he carried his point; he laid down the line to Drayton, and eventually, at his own expense, extended it to Slough. He was the first to announce, from Windsor, at the *Times* office (the *Times* admitted his notices to their columns gratis then) the birth of the Princess Royal. By aid of the same telegraph Tawell was captured in the heart of the city; the great Iron Duke's forgotten dress suit was obtained from Apsley House in time for the Royal dinner party in the Windsor Banquet Hall. But such matters, though they amused the public for the moment as curious telegraphic feats, did but little to establish the telegraph as a public want.

This was in 1841, when the railway interests were at their lowest depression; no Act for any new line had been obtained during two sessions. Mr. Cooke, considering that the reduction of cost by establishing a system of single lines of rails, to be worked under the control of the electric telegraph, might give renewed life to railway and telegraphic enterprise, published a pamphlet, with illustrations, which has since been extensively republished abroad. George Stephenson and George Bidder adopted the plan. They obtained Acts for the Yarmouth and Norwich, the Brandon, the Northampton and Peterborough, and the Chester and Holyhead lines (all single lines under the then Acts), to be worked by the aid of the telegraph. Railways revived, the Admiralty was roused, the late Lord Herbert, and other Members of the Admiralty, visited Mr. Cooke at the Society of Arts, where all the instruments about to be fixed on the Yarmouth and Norwich lines were exhibited to them at work. They bargained, and bargained hard, for an electric telegraph to Portsmouth, but Cooke must find the capital, and incur the risk. The Semaphore cost the Government £2,000 per annum. They beat the luckless inventor down to £1,500; he resisted till the right was conceded to him to use the Government posts for suspending wires for a commercial telegraph. By this concession he gained the first links of his grand object,—a public telegraph to Southampton, which has since extended its great uniting chain over the world.

But whence was the capital to be obtained? Nothing daunted, he explained his difficulty to the South-Western Railway Directors, and induced them to furnish half the funds.

The line to Portsmouth was still incomplete when Her Majesty opened Parliament in person, and I saw Mr. Cooke, surrounded by a crowd of the Portsmouth authorities, accompanied by their ladies and friends, seat himself at the telegraphic instrument in the Gosport railway station, and read aloud the royal speech as it was telegraphed from London, whilst two printers at his elbow set the type in alternate sentences. Armed with copies of the speech, thus printed, he hurried up by the next train to London, and visited the editors of some of the morning papers, several of whom pro-

claimed the triumph of the telegraph the following morning. From that time the electric telegraph went alone.

His hair should be getting grey now, but he seems to be under the influence of his youthful energy in his fight for his rights against long-established prejudice, and who will venture to predict that the prophecy of "Fair Play" in one of your recent numbers will not yet be fulfilled—that a day will come when he shall have a *Gazette* to himself?

In Mr. Cooke's letter in a recent number of THE READER, he modestly ascribes his success to having taken the "tide at its turn," but I think I dare assert that the strong conviction of future success which settled down upon his mind on that memorable evening at Heidelberg, and which seems never for a moment to have deserted him through a struggle of several years, would, had it occurred in 1816 instead of 1836, have enabled him to master all difficulties. He would, as in his own time, have imparted his strong convictions to other sympathising minds, and, unaided by railways, have carried along the high roads an electric telegraph to the leading commercial cities of the kingdom.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MATTER-OF-FACT.

ŒDIPUS JUDAICUS.

#### To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In your paper of the 6th October, you review a strange work of the late Sir William Drummond, the "Œdipus Judaicus." Will you allow me to offer a few remarks upon it of a desultory and indeed gossiping character? Some better informed correspondent may be drawn out by them to offer additional observations.

You (by your reviewer) rightly say that the volume in question, though before printed, was not published till now. A portion of the volume, the first dissertation, appeared in a public journal in 1811. It was thus published, and was not only published, but answered. The answer was entitled "Œdipus Romanus." I forget who the author was; but he was considered to have successfully refuted Sir William. Sir William had endeavoured to shew that the twelve sons of Jacob, whose several blessings, or the reverse, are recorded in Genesis 49, and were allegorical personages, representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac. He certainly adduced some very curious coincidences, which appeared to establish a relation between some of them and certain of the signs. In the *Œdipus Romanus* a similar set of coincidences are brought forward, some of them with great ingenuity, which, it is alleged, *prove* that the twelve Cæsars, beginning with Julius, the great reformer of the Calendar, were allegorical representations of the same twelve signs of the Zodiac;—their entire history, or what passes as such, being of course a collection of myths.

In the title, as well as in the body of your review, you connect Sir William Drummond with Bishop Colenso. Curiously enough, the Bishop was answered in a similar manner. Shortly after the first part appeared, a letter which he had written, giving an account of his voyage from Natal to the Cape, was reviewed. Objections were made to the possibility of many of the statements which it contained, to all of which the most literal meaning that they would admit was given, no allowance being made for idiomatic expressions, and nothing being admitted to have happened but what was expressly stated to have done so. The conclusion at which the reviewer arrived was, that the voyage never took place, and I believe that Bishop Colenso never existed. This was probably the best answer that Bishop Colenso ever received. Without scurrility and without bibliolatriy, it exposed the weakness of many of the arguments on which he appeared most to rely, by an ingenious *reductio ad absurdum*. Of this little work also I forget, if I even heard, the name of the Author. I read both it and the *Œdipus Romanus* when they appeared; but have but an imperfect recollection of either.

A better known work of the same description as these, is Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts respecting Napoleon Buonaparte." This was probably suggested by the *Œdipus Romanus*; which probably suggested the critique on Bishop Colenso's voyage. Dr. Whately shewed by arguments in the style of some of the German critics of the Biblical narrative of the wars of the Israelites, and of the Gospel-history, that the received accounts of the actions of the first Napoleon were contradictory to one another, and impossible to be true. I need not, however, enter into details. Every one that has not read this ingenious work should make a point of reading it.



One person, however, who was particularly called on to do this, by the course that he marked out for himself, seems not to have done it; or if he did, seems to have been incapable of appreciating it. Soon after Dr. Whately became Archbishop of Dublin, a magazine then published contained "Historic Doubts respecting the Archbishop of Dublin." The anonymous author appeared to think that the Archbishop had really doubted the existence of Napoleon, and pretended to shew by arguments drawn from the inconsistencies in his own character, that his own existence was as open to be doubted as that of the Emperor! There can scarcely be a more dreary attempt at wit, than the parody of a parody.

In these instances a common method was employed to refute sceptical objections. The same method has, however, been used, though with singular want of success, in support of literary scepticism. The late Sir Cornewall Lewis, who believed that all the alleged discoveries in Egyptian and Cuneiform literature were imaginary, published, a short time before his death, a pamphlet relating to supposed discoveries in Roman history, of a very ridiculous character, but assumed to be parallel to alleged discoveries of Bunsen in Egyptian history. Whatever point there was in his satire applied, however, to Bunsen alone. Sir Cornewall had no right to charge upon Egyptologists generally, what they would generally condemn as much as he did himself. It is curious how some minds are at different times, at the same time on different subjects, the victims of scepticism and of credulity. Baron Bunsen, who was on some points so sceptical, was on others credulous to excess. He was a firm believer in the antiquity of the Nabathæan works, brought into notice by Chwolson; and he believed in many matters respecting the history and language of Egypt which sounder Egyptologists are agreed in rejecting. Sir Cornewall Lewis, too, the coryphæus of literary sceptics, in the very last sentence that he ever published, expressed his belief in a figment of the advocates of the Papacy, for which few educated Roman Catholics would stand up. He stated as an undoubted fact that Hosius, the President of the Council of Nice, chosen to that office for his personal merits, was deputed to preside by the Bishop of Rome.

I am, &amp;c.

E. H.

## REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL, 13th December. — John Gould, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair. — The Secretary read a letter addressed to him by Mr. R. Swinhoe, dated British Consulate, Amoy, China, September 7th, 1866, announcing the shipment to the society of a monkey from the island of North Lena, near Hong Kong, supposed to be of a new species and proposed to be called *Inuus sancti-johannis*. — Mr. P. L. Sclater exhibited specimens of *Eustephanus fernandensis* (Gould's *Trochilidæ*, vol. iv., pl. 267) and *E. stokesi* (ib. pl. 266), and read an extract from a letter addressed to him by Herr E. L. Landbeck, sub-director of the National Museum of Santiago, Chili, in which it was stated that these two apparently very different birds must be regarded as sexes of the same species, *E. fernandensis* being the male and *E. stokesi* the female. — Mr. P. L. Sclater exhibited a small bundle of feathers of a species of Cassowary, supposed to be those of *Casuarus australis*, which had been taken out of a native hut in northern Queensland, and were of great interest as being the only portion of this bird ever brought to Europe. — Mr. Gould exhibited, on the part of Sir William Jardine, Bart., a specimen of a new species of honey-eater, of the genus *Ptilotis*, from Victoria, Australia, proposed to be called *Ptilotis cassidix*, together with some other rare Australian species, amongst which was a skin of the rare finch, *Emblema pictum*, from northern Australia. — Dr. A. Günther read a memoir on the fishes of Central America, founded upon specimens collected in the fresh and marine waters of various parts of that country by Messrs. Salvin and Godman, and Capt. J. M. Dow. The examples collected by these gentlemen on various occasions, together with the fishes previously known from the same region, were referred to 289 species. Dr. Günther called particular attention to the fact that no less than forty-eight of the marine species out of a total of 158 from the seas on both sides of the isthmus of Panama were found to be identical. — Mr. St. George Mivart read the first of a series of memoirs, entitled "Contributions towards a more complete knowledge of the skeleton of the Primates," of which the present portion related to the "appendicular skeleton of the Orang (*Simia*). — Mr. A. Murry read a paper on the diminutive *Galago murinus* of Old Calabar, and pointed out its

distinctness from *G. demidoffii*. — Dr. E. Crisp made some remarks on the length of the alimentary tube of the Giraffe. — Two communications were read from Dr. W. Peters, being "Notes on a collection of mice," made by Captain A. C. Beavan, in India, in 1865, amongst which was a new species proposed to be called *Mus beavani*; and a notice of a bat from the Azores, which was referred to the European *Vesperugo leisleri*. — A communication was read from Professor W. Lilljeborg, relating to the geographical distribution of the Narwhal (*Monodon monoceros*). — Mr. P. L. Sclater and Mr. Osbert Salvin communicated some additions to the catalogue of birds collected by Mr. E. Bartlett on the river Ucayali, in continuation of a former paper on the same subject. — Mr. P. L. Sclater also read some additional notes on the *Caprimulgidæ*, relating principally to certain American species, of which one was characterised as new to science under the name *Antrostomus ornatus*. — Communications were read from Captain G. E. Bulger, on some birds observed at Wellington, in the Neigherry Hills, and from Mr. E. P. Ramsay, on the most frequent foster-parents of the Bronze Cuckoos in the neighbourhood of Sydney. — A paper was read by Mr. A. G. Butler on some species of butterflies belonging to the genus *Catagramma*. — A communication was read from Dr. J. Kaup, containing descriptions of two new species of insects of the genus *Bacilus*. — Dr. J. Murie read a notice of the occurrence *Estrus tarandi* in a reindeer in the Society's Gardens, and made some remarks on the summer dress of the llama and alpaca, as exhibited in the Society's Gardens during the past summer.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES. — The Second Ordinary Meeting of the present session was held on Monday last, the 17th instant. — Charles Jellicoe, Esq., President, in the chair. — The following gentlemen were elected members of the Institute, viz: — *Fellow* — Henry G. Hobson. *Associates* — Augustus Hawthorne Browne; Bernard Woods; Nicholas Hanhart; and Leicester Hudson Greaves. A communication from Mr. James Meikle "On the arrangement of the data of Life Assurance Offices;" and a paper by Mr. T. B. Sprague, M.A., "On the Limitation of Risks," part 2, were read.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY, December 13th. — Sir Charles Nicholson in the chair. — Mr. Ainsworth read a paper "On the Valley of Achor." He identified the valley with the Wady Debir or Dabur — the border of Benjamin going up from Gilgal by Beth-Hogla, Beth-Arabah, and Geli-loth — Gal i 'Lut, or Rujum el Lut (the heap or cairn of Lot) at the head of the Dead Sea (Josh. XVIII., 17), to the stone of Bohan, which Mr. Ainsworth identified with the venerated monolith called Hadjar lasbah at the entrance of the Valley of Achor, and then to Debir (now Tur ed Debir) before the going up to Adummim (the Red Khan or Khan of the Good Samaritan), and "the border passed toward the waters of En Shemesh" (Fountain of the Sun, now called that of the Apostles), and "the goings out thereof were at En rogel" (Well of Nehemiah).

MATHEMATICAL, December 13th. — Professor Sylvester, President, in the chair. — The Rev. D. Thomas and Messrs. W. H. Besant, W. H. Corfield, J. D. Davenport, and H. Macneile were elected members of the Society. — Professor Cayley exhibited and explained some geometrical drawings relating to focal curves, systems of conies, &c. — Mr. G. C. De Morgan read a paper "On a Method of Developing a Certain Class of Functions." — Professor Hirst presented to the Society some models of surfaces of the fourth order and fourth class, illustrative of Professor Plücker's new Theory of Complexes.

ANTIQUARIES, December 6th. — Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., in the chair. — Mr. W. M. Wylie exhibited a leaden bullet found at Præneste. — Mr. C. M. Jones exhibited a charter of the year 1199, and communicated some remarks upon it. — Mr. J. J. Howard exhibited, by permission of Mr. J. Chamberlayne Chamberlayne, a pedigree of the family of Chamberlayne, to the 8th year of Edward VI. — The Rev. C. R. Manning exhibited two chessmen. — Mr. G. Mannors exhibited a letter of Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, dated 1584. — Mr. G. A. Carthew exhibited drawings of moral paintings at Spoute Church, Norfolk, made by him at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries. — December 13. — A. W. Franks, Esq., Director, in the chair. — Presents of guide books to the library by Mr. W. J. Thorns and Messrs. W. and G. Smith were acknowledged. — The Rev. J. W. Lockwood, of Chipping Norton, communicated a description and drawing of two iron heads,

weighing 10lbs. each, recently found there. — Colonel Lane Fox exhibited two pegtop-shaped objects, supposed to be chessmen, part of a find of 11 made in Ireland some time ago. — Mr. W. M. Wylie exhibited a crystal and silver gilt cup belonging to the church of Yateley, Hampshire, which was pronounced by the directors and Mr. Shaw to be of the time of Queen Elizabeth. — Mr. W. L. Lawrence exhibited a sword of the 15th century, a bronze swivel, and a pounding stone, found in Whittington Wood, Gloucestershire. — The Rev. J. Beck exhibited two 16th century objects, one described as a pewter bottle, bought by him at Nuremberg, and the other as a "pewter camp-kettle, a relic of the thirty-years' war, carried from Germany into Sweden by the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus." — Mr. Coote read a highly interesting paper "On the *Cuisine Bourgeoise* of the ancient Romans," being an analysis of the treatise of Apicius on cookery, both in respect to the appliances of the ancient kitchen, the principles of taste then adopted, and the results produced.

ENGINEERS. — The annual general meeting, to receive and deliberate upon the report of the Council on the state of the institution, and to elect the officers for the ensuing year, was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th instant. Mr. C. H. Gregory, Vice-President, in the chair. — From the report it appeared that there had been twenty-four ordinary meetings during the session, when ten papers were read, all of which had been deemed worthy of reward. It was remarked that, as a rule, the communications, both written and oral, were accompanied by an elaboration of detail, and a profuseness of illustration, testifying at once to the care with which they had been prepared, and the desire to sustain the character of the meetings. In the course of the year those volumes of the "Minutes of Proceedings" that were in arrear, as well as the volume for the last session, had been issued, together with a new edition of the catalogue of the library. The Council stated that they were still engaged in the investigation of the various plans which had been suggested for providing additional accommodation, but they were of opinion that it would be premature at present to enunciate any definite views on the subject. In the belief that it was desirable to make the institution as useful as possible to the younger members of the profession, the Council had discussed various measures which it was thought were calculated to promote that object. As yet no complete scheme had been matured, but as one step in that direction, the hours of admission to the library had been extended, and the privilege of using it has been granted to the pupils and assistants of members. Recently a memorial had been received, which pointed to the establishment of a Junior Engineering Society for mutual improvement in professional and scientific knowledge. The Council had expressed their readiness to endeavour to devise a plan, for the consideration of the members generally, which should substantially meet the wishes of the memorialists; but they stated that they could not support the proposal for a subsidiary and self-governed society. They considered that the object of the memorialists might be accomplished by the reconstruction, under certain modifications, of the class of graduates, or by the establishment of a new class of students. In order to show the progress of the institution during the latter half of its existence, extending over a period of 24½ years, two tables had been compiled, from which it appeared that on the 30th June, 1842, the number of members of all classes was 525, whereas on the 30th of November last [it was 1,139, being an increase of 814, or 155·2 per cent. The annual increase per cent. during the past six years had been 1·61, 5·84, 4·00, 5·29, 9·86, and 11·39 respectively. Nearly one-half of the members and associates were resident in the metropolis, one-third in other parts of the United Kingdom, and the remainder in British possessions abroad and in foreign countries. The statement of receipts and expenditure showed that on the year ending the 30th of November, 1866, the revenue from all sources had amounted to £6,299, and the disbursements to £4,284. A sum of £2,971 had been invested on different accounts, leaving the available balance at the bankers £956 less than at the same period last year. The nominal value of the funds now belonging to the corporation was £26,703, as against £24,983 at the date of the last report.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY. — The Second Ordinary Meeting of the present session was held on Tuesday last, the 18th instant. — Colonel Sykes, M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. — The following gentlemen were elected Fellows, viz.: — George Senior, Esq.; Thomas Heywood, Esq.; Fred. H.



# THE READER.

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Harper, Esq.; Thos. Tully, Esq.; Robt. H. J. Palgrave, Esq. A paper was read "On Combinations and Strikes, with reference to the rate of wages," by Jacob Waley, Esq., M.A.

MEETING FOR NEXT WEEK.

FRIDAY.  
QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL CLUB: University College, 8.—  
A Paper on "Contributions to Microscopical Science during 1866," by Mr. M. C. Cooke.

## MUSIC.

### THE CIVIL SERVICE MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE sixth concert of this society took place on Thursday evening, the 13th instant, at St. James's Hall, and proved, on the whole, like its predecessors, a decided success. Although as yet only in the first year of its existence, the Civil Service Musical Society has done as much as even its most sanguine projectors could have anticipated, and bids fair to become an established institution in London life. Even if it did nothing but provide half-a-dozen pleasing evenings' amusement for some hundreds of people, we could not afford to despise it; but it does much more than this. It brings out a considerable amount of talent which, for obvious reasons, is not available for the ordinary run of musical entertainments: it gives to men whose occupations are for the most part extremely monotonous an occasion of change and excitement which cannot fail to improve both their minds and bodies, and therefore to make them more useful to the public; and last, but by no means least, it forms a bond of union throughout the whole Civil Service, and draws together the members of the different offices, thus removing petty jealousies and misunderstandings, and giving to the Service what it has long stood in need of—an *esprit de corps*. It is obvious that in dealing with an institution which possesses all these extraneous claims on our sympathy it would be unfair to subject it to the same standard of criticism which we should employ in the case of a mere body of professionals. But there were so few flaws in the performance that in any case we should not have much fault to find. The weak part of the entertainment lay decidedly in the solos. We doubt whether it will be an easy matter for the society to repair the loss they have sustained in Mr. Bentham, of the War Office; but we can scarcely think that it does not boast some members more fitted for their work than the two gentlemen, both of whom chose a difficult song to sing, and both of whom failed lamentably in its execution. We trust these amateurs will not be offended with us if we suggest to them rather to try to render easy songs well than to stake their reputation upon performances over which they are almost certain to come to grief. The only other mistake we noticed was the introduction of Mozart's Symphony No. I. (in D Major), which, although extremely beautiful, was more suited for the audience at the Philharmonic Concerts than for an occasion like this, where a very large part of the assembly seemed considerably "bored" before the close of the fourth movement. The rest of the programme was admirably arranged, and very well carried out, the singing of the chorus and semi-choir particularly being worthy of all praise. We may specially mention a selection from Gounod's Mass in G, Hatton's "Sailor's Song," and Bishop's delightful sextett, "Oh! Bold Robin Hood," the solo parts of which last were sung by Messrs. Newland, Plater, and Glennie. The way in which all their pieces were rendered showed very good and correct training, and careful and patient practice. But perhaps the gem of the evening was the "Soldier's Love," by Kuken, in which Mr. Sunley sang the solo. An admirable orchestra performed the exquisite overture to "Zauberflöte," as well as various other pieces, with great feeling and precision. Altogether we must congratulate the Society at the close of its first year's labours on the success it has attained; and we look forward with the greatest pleasure to the prospect of listening to them again next year.

THE performance of "Elijah" last week by the Sacred Harmonic Society, was distinguished by a sustained excellence of execution, even more uniform than in the previous concerts of the season; the extra unity and precision of the choruses being due probably to the close knowledge of the music which its frequent repetition has enabled the choir to gain. While awarding this justly-earned praise, it is however, hard to refrain from recording a regret commonly enough felt and expressed, that no measures are taken to improve the tone of the sopranos. These must be universally recognized

as thin and scraggy, and marked by anything which may designate the reverse of mellowness and freshness. Surely what Mr. Costa did so well in the case of the chorus at Covent Garden, he could find it possible to imitate at Exeter Hall. Concerning the solos, it seems superfluous to say anything of Mr. Santley's magnificent voice and noble style, alike perfect in the triumphant outburst, "Is not his word like a fire?" and the sad solemn chant of weariness in the desert, "It is enough, O Lord!" Madame Lemmens-Sherrington too sang admirably; leading the concerted music with her customary clearness and skill; and Miss Julia Elton declaimed the recitative of the Queen, with power and knowledge. Mr. Hohler's appearance was attended with a certain degree of interest on the part of the audience, which, however, failed to be sustained by his performance.

THE National Choral Society, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, which gave its first performance of "Messiah" this season on Wednesday week, necessarily lacks the *prestige* of its elder sister, and lacks, too, a good deal of the skill and knowledge which can only come with experience. But in return, it has one advantage in the tone of the sopranos, which the Sacred Harmonic does not share, and when this is displayed in the "Messiah," the best known oratorio in the repertory of the choir, the result is, on the whole, very satisfactory and pleasing, which the soprano solos, when allotted to Madame Rudersdorff, certainly are not. Miss Palmer gave the contralto music in a pure devotional style, very admirable, though slightly marred in delivery by the presence of hoarseness, while Mr. Leigh Wilson took no pains to compensate his vocal deficiencies by care in the reading of his music. Last year this gentleman was advertised with a want of discretion for which, presumably, he was not responsible, as "the new tenor," and making his *début* in "Elijah," under specially favourable circumstances, was very kindly welcomed; the degree of applause being expressive, one may suppose, rather of that kind of gratitude which has been defined as "a lively sense of future favours," than of that which is limited to thankful emotion for favours received. A series of appearances since, sufficiently varied in character to test his powers, must by this time have convinced even partial friends of a truth which it was not difficult to discern in his execution of the comparatively simple music allotted to Obadiah, namely, that with the exception of some pleasant notes in his voice, there is little, either in his natural or acquired means, which can be praised for its excellence. Still, in the dearth of even tolerable tenor singers, a useful position might be taken by Mr. Wilson, if, accepting it as that which the limitation of his talents will not allow him to go beyond, he set himself to work, to fill it worthily. But here the first requisite is conscientious, thorough study, for which, however, Mr. Wilson apparently thinks may be judiciously substituted a copy of some of the mannerisms of Mr. Sims Reeves, together with a disregard of the music, fairly typified, last Wednesday week, by his shouting *ad captandum* conclusion of "Thou shalt break them," which could only be attractive to the most bovine of the visitors to the cattle show. If one may judge from his manner, or rather from his want of it, he is still young, and is therefore, one may hope, still capable of learning that his exemplar, Mr. Sims Reeves, is not great by reason of his mannerisms—sometimes, indeed, rather in spite of them—and that they are only the accidents which accompany other qualities, to possess all of which is truly beyond Mr. Wilson's power, though one—faithful adherence to his text—may not be only imitated by Mr. Wilson, but can never be set aside by anybody singing the music of Handel, without unfortunately suggesting the presence either of ignorance or the weakest kind of vanity.

## MISCELLANEA.

THE Christmas Numbers of *The British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review* contain, bound up in a splendidly illuminated cover, a choice selection of the largest and best woodcuts—and none better have ever come under our observation—which have appeared recently in those periodicals. Both contain, in addition, large useful almanacs, separate, and well adapted for the walls of subscribers. As presents to country cottagers or artisans who are not acquainted with what Mr. S. W. Partridge is trying to do for them, nothing, we are sure, will be more grateful.

MR. REED presented the public on Monday with a revival of his "Family Legend" which was so extensively patronised by the public during the Exhibition of 1862. We, however, consider that the characters have, in their subsequent entertain-

ment, so far surpassed the performance of 1862, that although the room was crowded almost to suffocation, they were apparently compelled to laugh at their own jokes, which were not appreciated by the audience. Miss Susan Galton, as a very pretty little Welsh girl, in the costume of the Principality, afforded great relief by her very excellent singing of the Legend of Sir Griffith of the Red Hand, upon which the plot of the entertainment is founded.

EXTENSIVE preparations are being made for the due celebration of Christmas at the Crystal Palace. Flags and streamers, garlands of holly and laurel, shields and bannerets, mottoes and quotations, extend from end to end of the Palace, and hanging dependent from every rib and girder of the building, they are artistically arranged amid the statuary and shrubs and hanging baskets. Capacious wings have been added to the great stage, which has now been rendered available for the most complete theatrical or operatic representations. During the holidays, ample amusements of the most varied character will extend over the entire day. In addition to these, at half-past four each afternoon, a complete Pantomime will be given. It has for title—

"Little Miss Muffit,  
She sat on a Tuffit;"

or, Harlequin King Spider. Besides the usual introductory scenery, a truly gorgeous transformation scene with living figures, expressly adapted to this great stage, has been preparing during the past few months by Messrs. Danson and Sons. The vast stage offers scope for the most brilliant effects which have been duly taken advantage of; as the centre transept, with the festival orchestra, affords convenient opportunity for tens of thousands of visitors witnessing these effects with ease and comfort, there is little doubt that the numbers will be very large. The great Christmas tree, nearly one hundred feet high, has been set up in the North Nave; the bazaar and fancy fair—replete with Juvenile and other Christmas presents—is in full vigour. The final rehearsal for the pantomime took place last evening with great success; Messrs. Danson's transformation scenery surpassing all anticipations. It has been decided to exhibit this scene to-day, after the usual concert, that the season ticket holders and other visitors then present may have a special opportunity for witnessing the effects produced. The general amusements will begin on Monday.

THE *differentia* of Christmas, including not only the consumption of much food entirely indigestible, but also a good deal of theatre going, managers have made their usual preparations to meet the demand which benevolent uncles are expected by their nephews and nieces to supply.—Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr. Alfred Mellon, accordingly announces a pantomime, having for its subject our venerable friends, "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves," the burlesque opening to be from the clever pen of Mr. A. Becket, and the general stage arrangements to be made under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Augustus Harris.—Though Her Majesty's Theatre promises nothing, the unfortunate failure of Mr. Falconer's "Oonagh" having concluded that gentleman's managerial career for the present, Drury Lane Theatre, under the happier guidance of his late partner, Mr. F. B. Chatterton will endeavour to sustain its old reputation by "Number Nip; or, the Gnome King of the Fairy Mountain," a title pregnant with significance of scenic wonders.—The Haymarket announces only a set of extraordinary children, whose performance is to amuse other children, not extraordinary, relying for its chief attraction on the appearance of Mr. Southern in a new play by Mr. Tom Taylor, called "A Lesson for Life." The same gentleman's "A Sister's Penance" will continue to be played at the Adelphi, to be followed by the extravaganza of "Mountain Dhu," while "Guy Fawkes" is the subject of the burlesque with which the Strand proposes to amuse its audience after they have witnessed the amicable conclusion of "Neighbours."—Mr. Vining, at the Princess's, revives Mr. Planché's old burlesque of "The Invisible Prince," in which Mrs. John Wood will take the character often impersonated in past years by Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Julia St. George, and Mrs. German Reed.—At the Olympic, under new management, there will be a total change of programme, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews playing the principal rôles, while at the New Royalty there will be no change at all, the charming comedy of "Meg's Diversion," and Mr. Burnand's clever burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan," retaining their attractiveness unabated by their current successful career.—Mr. H. J. Byron supplies the Prince of Wales with a "Christmas Comicality" called "Pandora's Box," to follow "Ours," in which Miss Marie



# THE READER.

22 DECEMBER, 1866.

Wilton resumes her original part, and Mr. Fechter appears at the Lyceum in the new play of "Rouge et Noir." Across the water, at the New Surrey, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick seem to have special regard for juvenile patrons, by calling their pantomime "A, Apple Pie," a "scholastic" one, and which, with its "Silver Streams" and "Golden Vines," its "Temples of Golconda," and its "Shower" of many colours, designated by a word which we dare not trust the printer to spell, must furnish a most agreeable contrast to the ideas usually raised by the word "scholastic" in the minds of Dr. Birch's young friends.

SOME Parliamentary Papers are eagerly looked for, and are of much importance to many readers. They are often rich mines of the material which is worked into history. There are other public papers printed by order of Parliament, or by command, that possess but little interest or value to any one, and that may be said to fall still-born from the press. Amongst the better and more useful class of papers is one giving copious returns touching railways, including the number of accidents in the year, and the number of persons who have been killed or injured; details of the passenger, mineral, goods, and cattle traffic; the miles of railway open; the trains run, and the miles run; the receipts from passengers and goods traffic respectively; the cost of working the quantity of rolling stock; capital authorised and paid-up; and other particulars. Parliament has the powers in its own hands to secure the publication of such a document as this within a reasonable time, and it would be well, we think, that the power should be exercised. If the railway companies have systems of book-keeping and staffs of book-keepers above distrust and contempt, they should be able to furnish within a month at most all the information necessary to compile a complete return of the particulars above referred to. The facts as to this paper are, that the Companies are not obliged under pains and penalties to send returns, and the Board of Trade are hence compelled, after often importuning a number of the Companies, to send out the returns very late, with some of the returns incomplete, and without any returns of any kind from some of the Companies. It is surely desirable that effective means should be employed to secure the publication of this document in something less than 11½ months after the date to which the returns are made up, viz., December 31st, 1865. With the paper before us, we may mention that at the date referred to there were 13,289 miles of railway open in the United Kingdom, which was 500 miles more than the mileage in 1864. During the year 5,556,707 passenger and goods trains ran 139,527,127 miles, and conveyed 251,862,715 passengers, besides 97,147 season ticket holders; 59,299 carriages, 254,550 horses, 396,097 dogs, 2,769,860 head of cattle, 9,336,411 sheep, 2,424,696 pigs, 77,805,786 tons of coal and other minerals, and 36,448,509 tons of general merchandise. The revenue from passenger traffic amounted to £16,572,051, and the goods traffic to £19,319,062, or together £35,890,113, being an increase of revenue of £1,874,549 as compared with 1864. The expenditure of the railway companies including maintenance and renewal of way and rolling stock, staff expenses, locomotive power, rates and taxes, Government duty, compensations, legal expenses, &c., amounted to £17,149,073 or 48 per cent. upon the gross receipts, which left £18,602,582 for dividend. The authorised capital of the companies in shares and loans was £576,291,663, and amount paid-up £455,478,143. The return of accidents is not very clearly given, but the most favourable of the conflicting statements is bad enough. It reports in one place, 92 collisions and other accidents to passenger trains, and 20 collisions to goods and other trains, with in all, 49 persons killed, and 1,106 injured, many of these however having been victimized by their own misconduct or negligence.

A MR. GEORGE GORDON DE LUNA BYRON, a captain on Frémont's staff during the war, and now in New York, claims, and is believed by those who have investigated the matter, to be the son of Lord Byron by a noble Spanish Lady of the De Luna family. His knowledge of the poet's life is said to be very extensive; but his assertion that he is the offspring of a clandestine marriage is generally received with incredulity.

Our best Anglo-Saxon Scholar, Mr. Oswald Cockayne is preparing for the press an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. We hope it will be ready in time for comparison with the revised edition of Professor Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, which the Clarendon Press are said to have in hand as one of their series. Scholars will then have an opportunity of deciding which of the two is in the right, on the many points of difference between the two lexicographers. We have our own opinion, but wait to see whether the evidence

will bear it out. One addition we hope Mr. Cockayne will make to his Lexicon, and that is, an English-Saxon part in which at least all the English root-words that are modern, descended from Anglo-Saxon should be found, with their progenitors following them. If other English words that have a representative or equivalent in Anglo-Saxon, are introduced, let them be in a different type. What we want is, a list that the eye can easily run down, of all our modern words of Saxon parentage. At the request of the Council of the Philological Society, Mr. Short has undertaken to add such a list of words from Gothic, to the Gothic Glossary he is now preparing for the Society, and we are sure that it will give his book a fresh value, and interest to all who use it. Mr. Cockayne is also about to publish another number of his *Shrine*, a periodical which appears whenever he has an objector, to answer, or an opponent to attack, but which also contains some valuable relics of Anglo-Saxon Literature. He is, we fear of a pugnacious disposition; a porcupine kind of man; and when any one provokes him, out comes a very sharp quill which has a knack of going into the enemy's soft points and sticking there. Professor Bosworth has some of those quills in him still. We wait with some interest to see who the next victim is. We hope it may be the *Saturday Review* man who ridicules editors for not printing Anglo-Saxon *w's* for *th's*—they are all the same to him—and who thinks Mr. Cockayne does not know the difference between *ð* and *p*. A quill would do him good, we are sure.

AMONGST the many attractive pieces now in performance at the Theatres, none will be found more interesting or better sustained, than "A Sister's Penance," by Tom Taylor. Miss Kate Terry takes the part of the Sister, through whose instrumentality so much unhappiness is caused, and her alternate struggles between love and honour are depicted to the life. Mr. Billington, the representative of the Rajah, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, as the broken-hearted civilian, are equally successful in their castes. The scene in the hill country at the head-quarters of a regiment, and the breaking out of the mutiny, give a vivid idea of the horrors that occurred, and the magnificent struggle sustained so gallantly and successfully by our countrymen. And the scornful remark made by the Colonel's niece to the native who had the presumption to love her, "That as long as a single European was alive, the native element would still be in subjection." Seldom have we seen a piece so well put on the stage, and where the effect of scenery and costume are so natural. "A Sister's Penance" is preceded by an amusing musical drama, called "The Baronet Abroad," which reminds one very much of tales of the Spanish Inns, where ingeniously-contrived bedsteads are made to stifle the unfortunate occupant. The singing of Miss Roden is exceedingly good. The concluding, a "Pas de Fascination," is enlivened by the sprightly acting of Miss Fartada, whose song of Fun well deserved the encore it received.

WE learn with much satisfaction that a paragraph in our "Miscellanea" last summer has been of essential service to the Sanskrit Text Society. When announcing the successful start of the Society, with a subscription of three hundred odd pounds, we said that that was not nearly enough, that at least £1,000 a year ought to be placed at the disposal of the learned Director of the Society, Professor Goldstüker. Our hint was warmly taken up by the native press as their own, and many of the native Princes and wealthy merchants sent in their names as subscribers. The happy result is that the Sanskrit Text Society's first year's subscription amounts to over £1,200. This is as it should be, and we only hope that the list will every year increase. The Society has had the wisdom to secure for its first Text the *Mimamsa*, of which Professor Goldstüker has long had many sheets printed, so that the committee were able to issue two parts immediately after the formation of the Society, and we hear that the work is to be completed with all convenient speed. With the last part will appear an introduction to the book, and a discussion of its place in Hindu Philosophy. Till then the members of the Society must be content to know nothing about it, for with few (if any) exceptions, they are innocent of Sanskrit. This inconvenience leads us to press on the principal editor, Dr. Goldstüker, the advisability of having very full side-notes to the Society's future Texts, containing the pith of each page, so that English members, and the native ones too, who will have to read the English prefaces, may be able to follow the argument or story of the strange type under their eyes. These side-notes are the best abstract of a book, and far less likely to be coloured by an editor's views than a sketch of the work in a preface would be. Moreover, with them every member

would know something of what was in the Text or part that reached him, instead of, as at present, sitting down in mute admiration or despair before it, and contemplating it with puzzled look. The Society has set itself a noble task, the making public and secure for this and future ages the fast-perishing records of the wonderful old Indian mind and tongue, and it is directed by the first Sanskritist in the world. May it live long and prosper!

THE copyright of all Byron's pieces has not yet ceased to be the property of Mr. Murray, and besides, he has the invaluable advantage of possessing the original MSS. in the poet's handwriting. Often as "Lord Byron" has been printed, it would seem that a careful collation of these has disclosed the existence of numerous errors in the text of every preceding edition. Mr. Murray has wisely resolved to check unprincipled competition—unprincipled because its productions are necessarily imperfect, and a fraud upon the public—by issuing a pearl edition, printed in crown octavo, and on toned paper, so perfect, and at such a price, that no one who sees it will be seduced by any counterfeit. We have read somewhere that Byron left behind him some fragments of a fifth canto of Childe Harold, containing amongst other things a description of an eruption of Stromboli, seen by the poet on his last voyage to Greece, and also a plan of the continuation of Don Juan. Are these in the possession of Mr. Murray? and does he reserve them for a still later edition? He is very fond of tantalizing the literary world with promises of good things, but no prospect of this kind has been held out. These remains must be known to no small number of persons, yet the secret has been well kept. Not a line.

THE Institution of Civil Engineers met on the evening of the 11th, to hear an interesting paper, by Mr. W. H. Preece, Associate, "On the best means of communicating between the passengers, guards, and drivers of trains in motion." Mr. Preece explained that the essential principle of the system he had introduced in the trains of the South Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern, was the extension of a single isolated wire throughout the whole train, which was maintained in a state of electrical equilibrium by having the similar poles of every battery in each van and engine attached to it, while their opposite poles were connected with the earth, so that when this equilibrium was disturbed by placing the wire to earth through the framework, wheels, and rails in any carriage or van, the current from each battery acted upon the bell in its own van, and upon a signal on the engine. Its peculiarity consisted in this, that the commutators in each compartment of every carriage were protected from the mischievous and idle by being covered with glass, which had been found experimentally to be the best material for the purpose, as any opaque substance excited inquisitiveness and interference.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Bentley has in the press a life of the essayist Hazlitt, by his grandson, Mr. W. Hazlitt. The book can hardly fail to be interesting, if it only gathers together and explains the numerous allusions to himself that occur in various parts of the essayist's writings. The near relationship of the biographer and his subject it may reasonably be expected will impart additional interest to the work.

WE are glad to learn that the Romilly Testimonial Committee have lost no time in carrying out the wishes of the subscribers. The bust of the Master of the Rolls is finished, and will be placed in the Search Room of the Public Record Office before Christmas. The likeness is considered very good.

WE understand that the *Churchman's Family Magazine* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Houlston and Wright, and that the next number is to commence a new and improved series, wherein we are promised features of deep and peculiar interest.

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"Dullness is the prevailing feature." This has been the constantly reiterated cry of the money article in each newspaper during, we think, every day since issue of our last Circular, and we can most cordially endorse the truth. There are still, however, a few men, as usual, wiser than their fellows, who are taking the opportunity of general depression to pick up, at really nominal prices, good shares, which an infatuated public confound alike with the bad ones, and are ready to sacrifice on the strength of any absurd rumour that may be current. It is, perhaps, very natural such should be the case. The general distrust of the Directors, and the operations of the Limited Liability Act, no one can doubt is fully warranted by the startling disclosures that each winding-up investigation shows, and our repeated warnings about these Leviathan Companies, Finance and others, some of which have not yet reached their final resting-place in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, ought, we think in fairness, to induce our friends to have some regard for advice, when we tell them plainly that we can point out now many instances where careful selection can make 10, 12, and 15, and even perhaps 20 per cent. by judicious purchases, with absolute safety for the principal employed. We have not yet been able to discover the magical 30 and 40 per cent. promised and paid for a very short time by the Companies to which we have alluded, but we fully believe that the much-abused "Limited Liability Act" is in itself most useful, and that a better knowledge of its provisions, which by this time must have come to the great bulk of investors in a practical form, will protect them in future from its gross abuse; for instance, we believe that a year ago not one man in a thousand who took a share in a Company ever thought till he had taken his shares, if then, of applying for Articles of Association that would have told him by what laws his property was to be governed—now everyone wishes to know, and rightly. Hence have for ever fled directors' enormous fees, promoters' enormous bonuses, secretaries' and managers' enormous salaries, and the little snug perquisites of solicitors, engineers, and others connected with the company, all duly provided for in the Companies' Articles; and we trust the time has nearly come when the re-action will set in, and the investor, guided by fair and honourable advice, will find, that though he cannot get enormous interest with perfect safety, yet that after all he need not go to the 3 per cents., or even RAILWAY DEBENTURES at 5, TO FIND IT.

Our remarks in last month's address on various matters require little comment. Without arrogating to ourselves any more than ordinary business prescience, we may say, at all events this time, we have been correct in our prognostications as to every stock we named. We know even better than we then did that the weaker railways, and even some few of what may be termed the middle-class railways, are not obtaining either subscriptions for new, or renewals of debentures now due, with anything like the customary facility at a time when money is so cheap and plentiful as now; and the fate of two or three hangs in the balance, and will follow suit with the Chatham and Dover and others within, we believe, a limited period of time.

American 5/20 Stock has, as we anticipate, had a moderate rise—far more moderate, we think, than is justified by its intrinsic value. The fall in the price of Gold in America is gradual but sure; and the price of this Stock will be found, we think, a few months hence nearer 80 than 70, and cheap at that.

In Anglo-Americans, our friends will give us credit for advice given, as some have already done, and made considerable sums. We say still, buy at present price, viz., 16 or 17 or 18, the Stock is worth more money—certainly well worth now £20. Clients must recollect that the original company would be mad to continue paying interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. for money, which they are now practically doing, one moment longer than they can help it; and it is tolerably well known that they are making arrangements for repayment to the Anglo-American Company as rapidly as such arrangements involving large sums of ready money can be made.

This is a capital time, we may say an unexampled time, in which to buy certain mining shares—we mean dividend-paying mines—where the reserves are large and certain, many of which are now in the market from causes totally intrinsic to the value of the properties.

Our friends will at once perceive that holders of mining shares have been very likely persons to have been tempted into speculative finance companies and others offering high terms of profit, without consideration that such profits are only those belonging to successful mining, in which at first the element of risk has been great. The losses have to be paid for out of the REAL PROPERTY, and hence a glut of these securities are thrown on a very limited market. The mining brokers and dealers, though many of them highly respectable, do not, as a body, approach in wealth the stock exchange brokers, who deal in railways, foreign stocks, consols, &c.; and hence they can, however cheaply shares may be offered, only find the money for a limited quantity of stock. Amongst shares that should be bought we may mention Great Wheal Vor, Great Laxey, Wheal and West Seton, East Lovell, Tincroft, Devon Great Consols; some of these mines being at ridiculous prices, and all very cheap. East and West Caradons are also at their present prices dirt cheap, though, of course, involving elements of risk.

List of Hotel Shares, Iron Companies' Shares, Slate Quarry Shares, Assurance Companies' Shares, and Miscellaneous Shares on Application.